Vol. CXXXIX. No. 1807.

Get "TripleX" -and be safe AUSTIN do

[THE BYSTANDER August 3, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

A. G. Macdonell : D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Howard Marshall : V. S. Pritchett

1/-

SPINK Est. 1772
cash buyers of...
FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5,6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

Schweppes Seltzer
WITH SPIRITS...MAKES A VERY PLEASANT CHANGE

BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1929 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

Try CUSENIER'S
Liqueurs (36 Kinds)
NONE BETTER IN THE WORLD
OFFER GUESTS THE THREE BELOW :
FREEZOMINT
The leading brand of Crème de Menthe
APRICOT BRANDY
CRÈME DE CACAO
402

REAL LAGER! WORLD'S RECORD SALE
Patz
GERMAN LAGER
From Hotels, Clubs, Wine Merchants.
If any difficulty apply to sole distributors :—
JOHN C. NUSSLE, & CO., LTD.
21, Soho Sq., London W.1. 'Phone: Gerrard 3706 (3 lines).

More used in Fruit Salad every day
COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
The well Balanced Liqueur

AA MOTOR POLICIES
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING ; By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161). 2.30 and 8.15 Daily.
INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS SEASON
Prices 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/-, 1/3.
Seats for organised parties reserved on application.

ENGLISH HOTELS

IT'S TIME YOU HAD A HOLIDAY

Pack up and leave your troubles behind you. Come and stay at a hotel whose comfort and convenience have appealed to Royalty; but whose terms do not embarrass those with modest incomes. Enjoy such amenities as a 120 ft. sun lounge, famous chef, the choice of 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, large and small suites, lift, garage, golf and tennis nearby, full licence. Terms from as low as 4½ Gns. weekly. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Facing Sea *'Phone: Hastings 869*

For Luxury without Extravagance—*stay at*

The POLYGON
SOUTHAMPTON'S FINEST HOTEL
Telephone: SOUTHAMPTON 5061

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.–3,000 ft. a.s.l.–1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel.** The Golfer's Home.–Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near golf, Casino, Bathing, Tennis. Special early Season rates.

Knocke-Zoute.–Rubens Hotel.–Best First-class hotel facing sea. Nr. Casino, golf, ten. Apply for prospectus M. Vandenbosch.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 110, with bath fr. Frs. 135

Houlgate-on-Sea.–Grand Hotel.–Picturesq. Normandy 10 min. fr. Deauville. Sandy Beach. Golf. Ten. Autocars along Coast. Mod. tms.

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st. class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Terminus Palace.–1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading Hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe

GERMANY—*Continued*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms fr. R.M 10.50.

Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Hotel, quiet sit., homely. Incl. tms. fr. R.M. 7.00.

Dresden.–Hotel Bellevue.–The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.–Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.–L.ht.W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. Grill. Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6.–, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen-Park Hotel "Alpenhof."–lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance). — Hotel Bad Schachen.–1st-class throughout–200 rooms–priv. beach–extens. park–tennis–mod. terms.

Mannheim - Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*Continued*

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl.For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.**–20 mls. from Baden-Baden, a country house—private swim. pool.—R.A.C.: N.T.C. hotel.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M. 10

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M. 12

ITALY

Rome.–Hotel Victoria.–First-class. Central and quiet. Opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

SWITZERLAND.

Burgenstock.–(Lake of Lucerne).–**Le Grand Hotel.** — Holiday resort — Golf — Tennis — Bathing Beach.

Davos.—Palace Hotel, Summer 1938.—Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8000 feet.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea level)–**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**–Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 min. from Montreux.

Grindelwald.–Bear Grand Hotel.–The gay centre for holiday-makers. Ten., swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh. 14

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf, Tennis, Swimming.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 12.50.

Interlaken.–Htl. Schweizerhof.–Rnwnd. for its fine sit., ex. cooking, and comf. Rms. from Frs. 6. Pens. rates fr. Frs. 14. Gar., ten., swim.

Interlaken.–Grd. Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.–Finest sit. on main prom. facing Jungfrau. Absolutely first-class. Pens. rate fr. Frs. 17.

Klosters.–Grand Hotel Vereina.–First-class. Home of best English Soc. All Sum. Sports. Lake bathing. Pens. terms fr. Frs. 15 up.

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.–Hotel Meurice.–on the lake 110 beds. The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—(First-class). Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading Family Hotel in splendid Park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Lausanne - Ouchy.—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).–**Sporthotel Wild-Strubel.**–Alpine Flora at its best, easy walks, mountain tours. Every comft. From Frs. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates fr. Frs. 13.

Lucerne. — Hotel Beau-Rivage. — Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–First class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free. Park, tennis, garage.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace, leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pèlerin.–Gd. Htl.–Most cen., beautiful spot for holidays, 3,000 ft. up. View over Lake of Geneva. Easy access. Terms fr. 12s. a day

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel. Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Ten. Lge. Park, Gar. Bch.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun).–**Hotel Victoria.**–Leading in pos. and quality. Every comft. Pk. Gar. Bathing, Ten. Pens. fr. Frs. 9.50.

Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15

Spiez—Park Hotel.—above village 5 mins. fr. stn. Delightful walks. Ex. cooking. Pens. room w.r.w. fr. Frs. 9, w. priv. bath fr. Frs. 10

St. Moritz. — Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite.
Season June 15th to end of September.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pens. from Frs. 10. Large Park, Tennis Swimming and Golf.

Thun.–Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.–Every comfort. Large shady Park. Very quiet. Diet. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Park Hotel.—
Bon Bros., proprietors
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg.–Bernese Oberland.–Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restf. hols., surr. by splen. woods & Alpine meads. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Bernese Oberland.—Park Hotel, "Beausite."—1st class fam. hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5

Wengen.–Palace Hotel.–Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac. Finest situation on lake. Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Family hot. unriv'd pos. overlook'g town, lake, Alps. Full bd. fr. 14. Swimming-pool, golf, tennis.

LE TOUQUET HOLIDAYS
HOTEL REGINA, ON SEA FRONT, 5 guineas
HOTEL DES ANGLAIS, IN FOREST, 5½ guineas
PER WEEK, FULL BOARD, TAXES AND SERVICE

No. 1807. Vol. CXXXIX.

The Bystander

Anthony

The Hon. Mrs. James Beck

Mrs. James Beck has been an acknowledged London beauty since she made her debut as Clarissa Tennant, daughter of the first Lord Glenconner. To-day it is difficult to believe from her youthful appearance that she is the mother of five children, of whom the eldest is ex-debutante Diana Bethell, twenty-two this year, who is now working as a model (see p. 176). Her eldest sons are Lord Tennyson's nineteen-year-old heir, the Hon. Harold Tennyson, and his brother Mark. She and Mr. James Beck, whom she married in 1928, have twins — James Edward and Virginia Clare

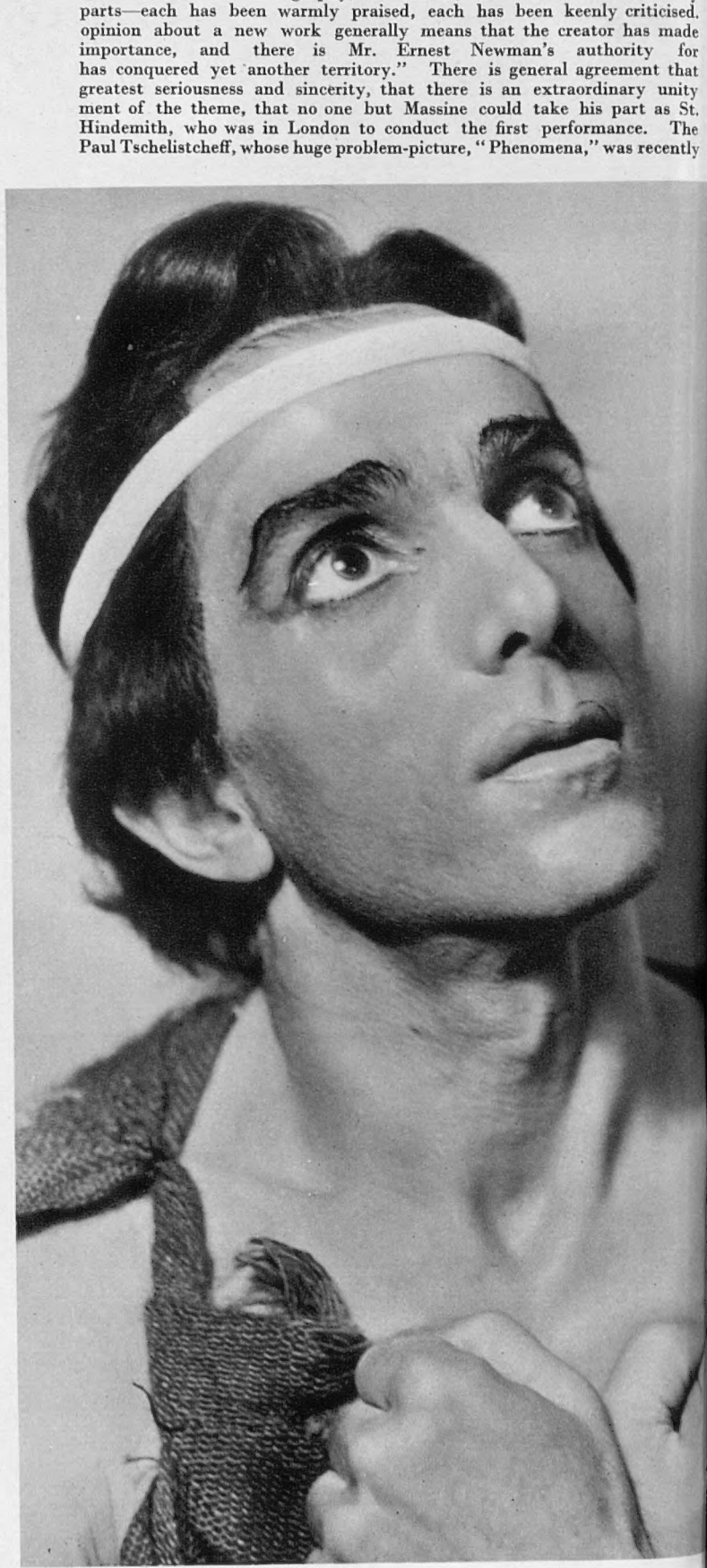
The angularities which Massine has often used in his grotesque or burlesque moods, and the long, smooth "Verchinina" movements from the symphonic ballets, have been welded in "Nobilissima Visione" into a complete style. The variety and strength of which it is capable are apparent in the complexities and drama of the first three tableaux. By contrast, Massine's pas de deux with Nini Theilade in the fourth tableau is simple, tender and expressive. These studies of St. Francis and Poverty were taken from this dance

Photographs by Anthony

St. Francis and

Leonide Massine and Nini Theilade in

There has been, if possible, rather more disagreement among the *Visione* than there was a week or so earlier over his ballet to The theme, the choregraphy, the music, the decor, the suitability parts—each has been warmly praised, each has been keenly criticised. opinion about a new work generally means that the creator has made importance, and there is Mr. Ernest Newman's authority for has conquered yet another territory." There is general agreement that greatest seriousness and sincerity, that there is an extraordinary unity ment of the theme, that no one but Massine could take his part as St. Hindemith, who was in London to conduct the first performance. The Paul Tschelistcheff, whose huge problem-picture, "Phenomena," was recently

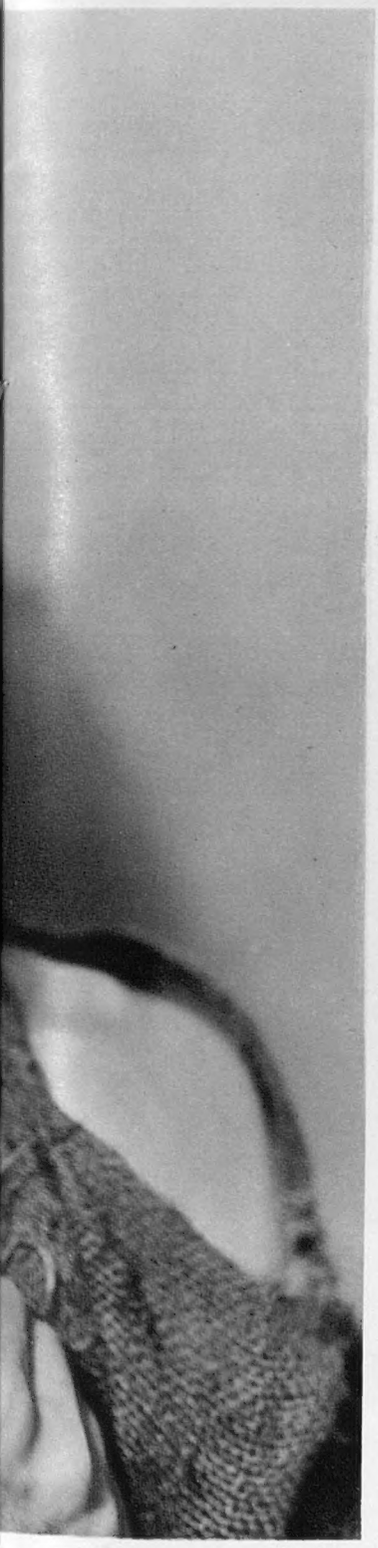


Massine as St. Francis After His Conversion

Poverty

"Nobilissima Visione"

critics over Massine's *Nobilissima* Beethoven's Seventh [Symphony. of Massine and Theilade to their Such a division of informed an experiment of considerable thinking that Massine's "genius he has treated his theme with the between the music and the develop- Francis. The composer is Paul imaginative and effective decor is by exhibited at Tooth's Gallery



Nini Theilade as Poverty

The Poverty of "Nobilissima Visione" is no austere gaunt figure, but a beautiful and appealing girl. Nini Theilade brings a natural grace and a gentle reserve to the part which Massine has given her. Here is the best performance she has given since she joined the company now at Drury Lane

The Passing Hour

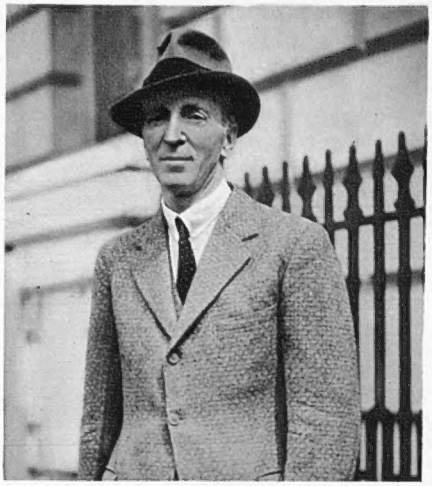
Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE negotiations about Czecho-slovakia and the German minority in that State are going on vigorously behind the scenes. It has been suggested unofficially in Berlin that Britain, France and Germany, and possibly Italy, should meet in conference to examine proposals put forward by Prague. This suggestion is not popular as it excludes the Czechs who, after all, are somewhat concerned. A counter-proposal came from London that Lord Runciman should go to Prague as observer and adviser of the British Government, and this proposal was accepted.

LORD RUNCIMAN has already gone to Prague, and the Prime Minister has defined his position as that of an "investigator and mediator." He is, in fact, in the position of the man who goes down to a strike-area to try to bring the two parties together. Lord Runciman's one stipulation is that he must be assured of the confidence of the Sudeten German minority as well as of the Czech Government. In the meantime, August 15th is still being discussed as the critical date in Central Europe, though where the date comes from and why it has been selected is apparently undiscoverable.

THE Sudeten Germans have laid down their demands in a document of fourteen points, and they want the whole fourteen to be conceded. So far the Czechs have declined to go with them all the way, and at present a deadlock is in full sight. It is hoped in Prague that the presence of Lord Runciman, with his own prestige and that of the British Government behind him, may avert a crisis like the crisis of May 21st, when the deadlock comes.



Sir George Franckenstein

First Baron Franckenstein became Mr. Franckenstein, then Mr. Franckenstein became Sir George Franckenstein. The last Austrian Minister in London was made a G.C.V.O. while he still held his post, but was not knighted, being then a foreigner. Now he has assumed British nationality and was dubbed knight by the King last week

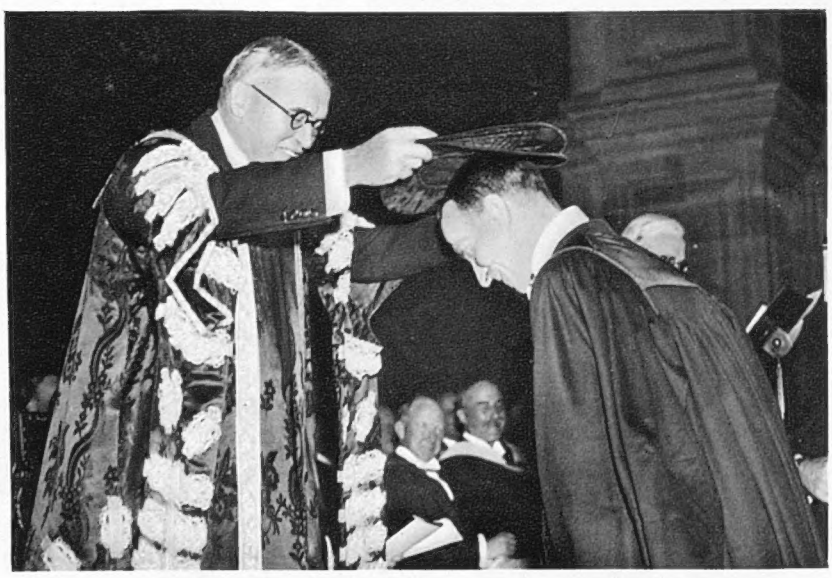
PARLIAMENT has risen, and the list has been published of the happy spots which are to be favoured with the presence of holidaying Cabinet-Ministers. It is a painfully significant list. Almost without exception the Cabinet is going to spend its holidays within easy range of London. There is no facile optimism here about the state of affairs on the Continent.

THE Labour Party's decision not to challenge divisions on the out-standing votes put a number of Tory back-benchers into an awkward hole. A good many of these gentlemen have to produce a good division record to their constituents or else they get into trouble. The normal procedure, at the end of the session of trooping through the division lobbies, on vote after vote, has always been a great help, and it is even said that the Riviera expresses are filled with back-benchers at about this time, racing home to record their suffrages. All this was knocked on the head.

AMERICA is worrying a good deal about "Third Term Roosevelt." The President is, at the moment, in the middle of an unprecedented campaign of mid-term electioneering. Half the country maintains that he is simply working for the welfare of the Democratic Party; the other half that he is simply working for the welfare of Mr. Roosevelt. The Republicans, of course, will make the most of the cry that personal ambition is the key-note of all the President's actions, but so far the President himself has kept his mouth shut. General Hugh Johnson is probably right when he says that if Mr. Roosevelt is sure of winning, then he will stand and win, but if he is not absolutely sure then he will retire. Even democratic rulers dislike defeats.

IN the middle of Presidential politics in the United States, with all their vast repercussions upon the lives of the citizens, comes the inevitable piece of clowning without which America apparently cannot exist. Mr. O'Daniel has won the democratic nomination for the Governorship of Texas, and that is the same thing in Texas as winning the Governorship. Mr. O'Daniel fought the election on simple lines. He used the wireless to sell the flour of which he is a salesman, and also to put himself across as a crooner. He paid no attention whatever to politics, and relied entirely on his singing and his salesmanship. And so now he is to be Governor.

(Continued on page 168)



Academic Bays for Lord Tweedsmuir

The Governor-General of Canada was installed as Chancellor of Edinburgh University with all the ceremony of the Minervan groves, part of which consisted of the touch of a cap, performed by delighted Sir Thomas Holland, Principal of the University. John Buchan was educated at Glasgow and Oxford, but he represented Edinburgh (Scottish Universities) in Parliament from 1927-35

The Minister and the General

Mr. Hore-Belisha was meeting old acquaintances in France during the Paris royal visit: he had part of his education at the Sorbonne, has long been an admirer of the country and grew to know the French General Staff at manœuvres last year. This picture of him with General Gouraud was taken at the Villers-Bretonneux ceremony

Merle Oberon in Hollywood

Merle Oberon has a Persephone arrangement between Pluto Korda and Ceres Goldwyn which makes her pass half the year in London, half in Hollywood. There is a good deal of difference between her two lives. Here she lives in a period house near Regent's Park, gets around socially to dances, first-nights, restaurants. There she lives in a house backing on Santa Monica beach, spends her time in slacks or beach wear like in this picture, picnics and basks with her neighbours, the senior Fairbanks and Norma Shearer. She is making a film for Sam Goldwyn called *The Lady and the Cowboy*, showing her for the first time as an American woman, and putting Gary Cooper back on his mustang as the cowboy. The last film she made here, *Over the Moon*, is waiting in London Film's stock department for an autumn pre-release

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 166)

THE news that the King has conferred a knighthood upon Baron Franckenstein has been received with acclamation. The former Austrian Minister in London was enormously popular, and there were many hundreds of people who regarded the closing of the Austrian Legation as a personal calamity. Sir George Franckenstein is now a naturalised British subject, and he brings honour to his new country.

THE *Times* flatly refused to swallow the Nazi memorial service for the murderers of Dr. Dollfuss, and came out with a leading article which spoke pretty sharply about the present leaders of the Reich. The canonisation of these murderers is on a par with the memorial service held by the Serbians in honour of Gavrile Princip, whose performance at Serajevo started the world war.

THE Rajah of Sarawak has addressed a dignified and rather tragic letter to the Press. He describes the evil effect upon the natives of his state of the publicity which has surrounded the heads of his three daughters. They never were and never will be princesses. Before their marriages they were the simple Misses Brooke, and after their marriages they have taken the names of their husbands in the ordinary way. If anybody reads Conrad nowadays (outside the libraries of Highgate and Camden Town), they may remember the noble passage on the first two pages of *The Rescue*, in which he describes the work of the first Rajah Brooke. A change seems to have set in since those days.

THE annual report of the borough libraries in Highgate and in Camden Town are full of fun. The Highgate library caters mostly for middle- and upper-class readers, while in Camden Town the readers are mostly working-class. Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley and J. B. Priestley are easily at the head of the lists in both. H. G. Wells is popular in Camden Town, but not in Highgate. Sir Hugh Walpole is popular in both; Miss Virginia Woolf in neither. Any author whose work is filmed at once enjoys a boom, even including Shakespeare. Barrie is nobody's wanted baby, Conrad is on the up-grade, Dickens is steady, and the rest of the great Victorians extinct.

THEATRICAL plans for the autumn are being announced day by day, with Mr. J. B. Priestley's name well in the foreground. Miss Dodie Smith has a new play in rehearsal, called *Dear Octopus*, with Dame Marie Tempest, Mr. John Gielgud and Mr. Leon Quartermaine; Miss Hilda Vaughan, the novelist-wife of Mr. Charles Morgan, has collaborated in a play called *She Was Too Young*, in which the leaders will be Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Miss Ann Todd, Miss Dorothy Hyson and Mr. Esmé Percy; Mr. Charles Morgan, the novelist-husband of Miss Hilda Vaughan, makes his first appearance as a playwright with *The Flashing Stream* (Miss Margaret Rawlings and Mr. Godfrey Tearle); and, presumably, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. C. K. Munro and Mr. J. Bridie will, in due course, come up to London from Malvern.

MR. SHAW came to his own rescue in the *Sunday Times* last week. You will remember that he had written a preface to the new edition of Frank Harris's "Oscar Wilde" and that Mr. Desmond McCarthy had bounced him pretty sharply for it. The rescue party offered Mr. McCarthy a penny for every lie that Harris told in his book, and Mr. McCarthy instantly came bowling along, hat in hand, with clear proof that Mr. Shaw must now dig down into the old family chest and produce some pence.

FROM all accounts the big golf match at Walton Heath between Reg Whitcombe and Cotton on one side and the two South Africans, Brews and Locke, on the other, was a funereal affair. The actual striking of the ball was magnificent, and on the first day Locke went round in approximately 63. But this same player, the youngest of the four, was so dismally slow in his methods that the large crowd almost cried with irritation and boredom. The match ought never to have been a four-ball. An old-fashioned foursome is infinitely more spectacular and exciting.

• NEWS REEL

A Visit to F.A.N.Y's in Camp

The Women's Transport Service, which was once the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry and will always be "the Fannies" to the Army, is the only women's corps under War Office control to continue regular training since 1918. Princess Alice is the president of this organisation for well-born and energetic young ladies and she and Lord Athlone inspected them at Aldershot last week. With her is the Commandant, Miss Baxter Ellis

A Visit to the President

Douglas Corrigan (centre), the incorrigible young man who by making a coast-to-coast hop, then "astounded them by take," was taken to pay his respects to the Irish president American Minister, Mr. Cudahy. Dr. Douglas Hyde has Lodge in Dublin, for his office was only created this year

From Cowes to Prague

Something of what His Majesty's ministers were doing in Paris while His Majesty made speeches was revealed by the announcement of Lord Runciman's visit to Prague to help with Czech-Sudeten negotiations. Meanwhile, the ex-President of the Board of Trade, in one of his three yacht-club caps, enjoyed Cowes scenery

The Princesses and the Palace

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose visited the model of Titania's Palace now on view at Waring and Gillow's in Oxford Street, and were presented with a miniature coffee set of French design. Sir Nevile Wilkinson, architect of the palace, is with them

Right: Benny Goodman, one of America's most popular swing-music makers, arrived in London and (it was reported) hid from his fans until Tamara Geva ("Idiot's Delight") found him at Grosvenor House

Fan Mail

Capt. Harold Balfour, the energetic Under-Secretary for Air, received material proof of the Air Guard's success when his secretary brought the post in at Adastral House

King of Swing

of Ireland

surprised U.S. air authorities flying the Atlantic "by mis- under the wing of the not been long at the Vice-Regal and he is the first holder

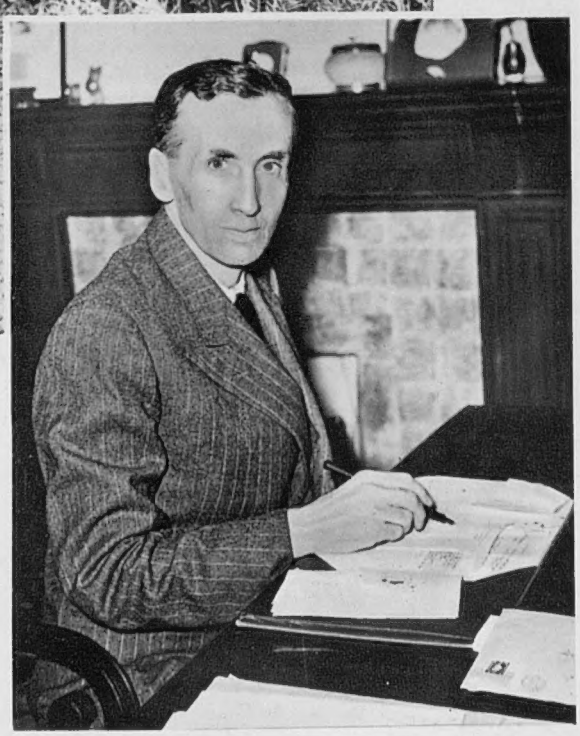
A Successful Entrant

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Elliot had good reason to smile at Hawick, for the right hon. gentleman took the supreme award for sheep at the Teviotdale Agricultural Society's show there. Mrs. Elliot is the late Sir Charles Tennant's daughter, and an aunt of Lord Glenconner

Two Youthful Entrants

Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, back from his collection of the Dutch amateur golf title, tied up the ankle of his son Brian to that of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden's son Nicholas, for the three-legged race at Egerton House School sports. Diana Critchley looked critically on

Mr. Ogilvie in his Lennoxvale garden



The B.B.C.'s New Director-General

Frederick Wolff Ogilvie's appointment as Director-General at Broadcasting House has had "a good press." His nine million fellow licence-holders have received the impression that the man promoted to rule over them is able, cultured, sensitive, modest and extremely human. He is a classical scholar who has become an economist, and an expert on education, unemployment and traffic problems. In a press interview last month he said he had never broadcast, has no television set, thinks a certain amount of controversy popular in programmes, is "an inveterate believer in the truth," and offered sixpence to anyone who could find a student of Belfast University, of which he has been President and Vice-Chancellor for four years, who knew what his politics were. His liking for music, high-and low-brow, for art, for mountain-walking, riding, golf, tennis, sailing, gardening, and, above all, for his home life with his wife and three sons makes him a sympathetic character to about ninety-nine per cent. of his new public. His job begins on October 1st

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 82

Eric Maschwitz

I'VE known Eric Maschwitz ever since the earliest days of the Ham Bone Club, when Mr. Hore-Belisha was a member (he actually proposed me), and Eric was a gangling kid just down from Cambridge, with noticeably long wrists and a quick eye for authors. Eric is of Polish extraction, his grandfather being born in Katowicz, his father in Hamburg, and himself in Birmingham. He left Repton just at the end of the war, and went up to Caius College, where he read modern languages and economics. But, more important, he became associate editor of the *New Cambridge* with Lance Sieveking. Then his father, who was a merchant banker, with large interests in Russia, lost all he had, and Eric found himself a waiter, at 18s. a week, in the Bœuf à la Mode at Nice. After seven weeks, during which he served one of his own college tutors, an uncle got him a job at Hutchinson's. This paid 30s. a week, for which Eric had to edit the *Adventure Story Magazine* and the *Mystery Story Magazine*, and also had to teach budding writers how to become journalists. (I now know why there is such a dearth of good newspapermen in Fleet Street to-day).

AFTER six months of this, he packed his bags for the island of Porquerolles in the Mediterranean, and spent six months writing his first novel. It was called *A Taste of Honey*, and was so sexy that a complete chapter had to be rewritten to please the circulating libraries. However, it netted him £700. Having returned to England to spend his royalties, he went on the stage, touring in *Within the Law*, with Edith Goodall. It was here that he met and married Hermione Gingold, on his £4 a week pay. With her, he next moved to the South of France, and wrote a dud novel and some successful short stories. But he was soon so broke that when we next find him, in the Strand, he was wearing his evening shoes in the daytime, because his toes would have shown through the others. That was the moment when the *New Cambridge* stood him in good stead, for Lance Sieveking met him, took him off to the B.B.C., and in a week had got him a job with the outside broadcasting department—in charge of Church Services at £6 a week. Next the *Radio Times* needed a managing editor. Eric got the job at another £100 a year, and when the Editor-in-Chief fell down dead, Eric stepped in at £12 a week. In the next six years he built up the *Radio Times'* circulation from three quarters of a million to two and a quarter millions, meantime writing bits and pieces for the lighter programmes. So when the new post of Director of Variety was created, Eric got the job—at £24 a week, rising to £40 in 1937.

DURING this period he worked twelve hours a day at the office, and then went home to write. For he never goes to bed before 2.30 a.m. and never gets up later than 8 a.m., and one of his efforts was a rewritten version of the *Gay Hussar*, which Julian Wylie toured in 1934, and which Eric re-named *Balalaika*. The rest you know. After a very rocky start, it earned the author £70 a week for forty weeks and £40 for thirty weeks, not to mention cash sums for literally every foreign country's rights in the world. There was also a nice little £1900 from M.-G.-M. for the film rights—or rather, his share of them—and a contract to write for them for eight months in Hollywood. This month he can look forward to *Paprika*, at His Majesty's, the rehearsals of *Bird on the Wing*, starring Mary Ellis, and the Paris version of *Balalaika*. His success is almost entirely a matter of health and hard work. (He hasn't spent a day in bed for 23 years). In the past three years he has flown 100,000 miles in passenger machines. He lives in the Adelphi; regards money as rather tiresome stuff, never knowing how much he has got; loves any kind of wine, from a vintage claret to a Hungarian vin du pays; ruins all his clothes, by sprawling around, and has one sister, a free-lance journalist.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Nothing was said about how deep to dig it, Alfred"

ONCE again the attention of the House has been drawn to the "thousands of German and Austrian subjects" employed as domestic servants in the Aldershot and Portsmouth districts. The Minister of Labour said there was no foundation for such a statement. Major Braithwaite (Buckrose, U.), who made it, said there was, the matter was dropped, and the Gretchens and Mitzis may carry soberly on with polishing the silver, knowing that officially they aren't there, like the Angels of Mons, and the Russians who swept through England in 1914. In our view, somebody high up ought to apologise to the German Ambassador for raising the matter at all, for to imply that the Gretchens and Mitzis do not confine themselves strictly to domestic duties surely suggests rather insultingly that there must be something about our military and naval plans which German Intelligence doesn't know already? Moreover, the implication creates unrest among the professional spies with which this country swarms, like every other. They 're a decent, hard-working body, grossly underpaid by their respective Governments (about £4 a week is the average, and find your own disguises), and they don't want amateurs muscling in.

The whole profession, as a matter of fact, we 're told, is seething with discontent. Even by working for two rival Governments at once, as many are forced to do, a decent spy finds it difficult to make ends meet. Another grievance is that, whereas in wartime, any raddled old haybag like Mata Hari can get away with it and be the Queen of the May, peace-time chaps are more pernickety, and demand a much higher standard of looks and fascination before handing over the secret plans. In our view the next protest against those (apparently imaginary) Gretchens at Aldershot and Portsmouth will come from the British section of the International Union of Secret Agents, demanding the right to live. Heaven grant we may be there to see them marching in procession to Hyde Park with slogan-inscribed banners escorted by solemn policemen and cheered by the big-hearted mob.

"Thirteen to muck, is it not, James?"

Brandy Nan

THOSE critics who say the English are losing their ideals and their passion for truth, beauty, and justice have been dumbfounded by a rumpus in *The Times* over the threatened removal from a Westminster square of a statue of Queen Anne, whose regretted demise, incidentally, might have been reported in a recent *Times* front-page "Deaths" column, had not the lynx-eyed inquisitors at Printing House Square smelt something fishy in the wording ("STUART. On such-and-such a date, ANNE, beloved daughter of James," etc., etc.). Light-minded sneaksbies are always trying to catch Auntie napping. Now and again they manage to put a good one across the haughty old crone—e.g., that fake Kipling doggerel during the Great War—but it 's more difficult nowadays. However, this fuss over one of the less fascinating statues of Brandy Nan, as some of her loving subjects called her, at least revealed that to lay a finger on it would cause a host to leap to arms; the nearest thing to a religious rising, apparently, since the men of Norfolk rose to defend Our Lady of Walsingham against Henry VIII.

It being still the fashion (as it was when Dr. Johnson denounced it) to misrepresent and vilify the Stuarts and exalt the odious hag Elizabeth, we 'd be quite genially disposed towards this Anne-conscious demonstration (Anne was a much more attractive and sensible person than Whig history admits) if we didn't realise, on second thoughts, that the same fuss would have been made if it had been a statue of Mr. Peabody, or Annie Laurie, or Titus Oates, or one of Landseer's comic lions, or some toga'd, swollen Georgian Duke, or one of those statesmen in bronze trousers who decorate Parliament Green, or a big bow-wow with a whacking great bow round his neck. Not only words are becoming utterly meaningless to-day, but even concrete (or stone) symbols like statues. If statues meant anything, there 'd have been a statue to Guy Fawkes in Old Palace Yard, erected by public subscription, long ago.

Bridge

SHORT of boiling the Menai Bridge in wine, as the aged man in *Through the Looking-Glass* very soundly proposed, the next best method of preserving it, which seems to be adjudged necessary, is to have it reconstructed for £225,000 by a big engineering firm, which task has now been begun. It is already a very ugly bridge, connecting a beautiful island with a not unsightly mainland, and we trust, without undue optimism, that it will be reconstructed as a thing of exquisite beauty. The number of beautiful bridges in this country—nearly

all built by our ignorant mediæval forefathers, who walked on all fours and lived on garbage, as every child knows—is about half a dozen, and at their head we set personally the exquisite little fourteenth-century bridge at Stopham, near Pulborough in Sussex. It was to have been torn down in the interests of Progress and the internal combustion engine (not to speak of the contractors) a little time ago, but by God's mercy they got the bizarre idea of leaving it alone and building another bridge (ugly) close by. There was another mediæval bridge almost as beautiful spanning the river near Caerleon in Wales, or thereabouts, but to the best of our knowledge and belief, the Devil (as it says in the ballade) didn't like it, so it died. Bridges so notable or splendid that songs were made about them, like Old London Bridge, are generally the first to go — always excepting the bridge of Avignon and the Pont-Royal in Paris. We could develop this subject at length, and with many oaths, were it not that Mr. Belloc has already dealt with it completely in his well-known essay on bridges.

What we desire for the Menai Bridge is that it should be reconstructed in hard grey stone on the principle of the repeated elliptical arch, the whole bridge forming one graceful, sweeping arc. It would then last for centuries, and be admired by remote Posterity. We should also like a large fat slice of the Moon.

Cops

THERE are now three million foreigners living in France, nearly four times as many as there were before the war, so it 's not surprising to find the French Government taking measures for stricter control. Which reminds us that there are few more cheerless or disturbing words than the two words " Vos papiers ? " rasped suddenly at you on a boulevard in the grey small hours by a couple of Parisian police emerging from the shadows. There 's a type of agent who can examine a blameless carte d'identité in such a manner that you wouldn't be a bit surprised if you turned out to be the Versailles sex-murderer or Stalin's little nephew Godfrey with a pocketful of bombs. An old resident of Paris we knew, used always when raked by suspicious gimlet-like eyes to produce at the same time, by accident, his subscription-card to the biggest police charity, and found it useful. Not that one can blame the Paris police for any official brusquerie. Apart from their own bad boys they have now a few of practically every other nation on earth to cope with, and all of them armed. They also have at intervals the vivacious Royalist youth of the Action Française and the no less vivacious Communist boys, so it 's not entirely surprising that now and again they crack a riskous bean so hard with those little white batons in the excitement of the moment that it 's of no further use to its owner.

More terrifying, in our estimation, are the special boys at the Sureté who keep up to date the private dossier of almost everybody (and, according to Léon Daudet, thereby have a few scared leading politicians just where they want them). Such odious surveillance, naturally, couldn't happen here, except, perhaps in Scotland Yard, where similar dossiers are kept and checked with similar loving care.

Oh, Là, Là Dept.

" I LIKE ham, but I prefer it to be labelled ' ham ' on the menu," remarked Mr. W. A. Darlington in the *Telegraph* the other day, voicing the desires, possibly, of many who had been at the opening of the French season at the Westminster Theatre the night before. The critic was referring to a Parisian cabaret-singer who had been introduced to the audience by Mr. Stephen Spender in such lyrical fashion that we all thought we were going to hear a mixture of Bernhardt, Guilbert, Réjane, Yvonne Printemps, and Grille d'Egout. The lady's offering turned out to be just the sort of good old cabotinage they like in Paris cabarets, and, so far as we know, hardly anywhere else ; and even granting the extreme impressionability of the Left intelligentsia, of which everybody is aware, we really were surprised at Mr. Spender's glowing praise.

Left wing naiveté, taken by and large, is, so far as we can judge, exploited curiously little by the more sophisticated Right. It exists not only in politics and journalism—how gratefully any scrap of information on anything whatsoever tossed them from Moscow is swallowed by the Bloomsbury boys !—but in the arts. Surrealism and Dada have both flourished exceedingly on it, also music which imitates the shunting of trains and the daily routine of an iron foundry, and the kind of writing which is at once destructive and incoherent. This comes of wilfully rejecting, or perhaps of never having encountered that " angelic faculty," in the phrase of the Schools, whereby discernment of good æsthetic from bad is made possible. Uncle Lenin is principally responsible for all the Marxian chatter among the Bloomsbury boys—as Aldous Huxley said, if Lenin hadn't made such an issue of Marx, nobody would have read him. As it is, about 5 per cent. of the more vocal Left boys have read Marx probably, and the others have picked it up from listening to them at parties. Yet what simple, likeable souls they really are ! Perhaps the reason the Right boys so rarely make fun of their simplicity is that it would be like being cruel to a child ; or, again, perhaps, because the Right boys never get much of a chance, as the Press and the B.B.C. are at present constituted.—**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" Mine 's got real little doors to the hatchway—and inside there are real little steps "

Films of the Day

Three New Pictures and Four Old

By George Campbell

KAY FRANCIS first impressed me in Tay Garnett's brilliant *One Way Passage*. She was beautiful; a little too intense, perhaps, to have much sense of humour; obviously intelligent, and not unexciting. Later, as Florence Nightingale, she showed dignity and something like power. Unfortunately, she chose to play a succession of professional women, and became typed, like Ann Harding. You had only to see the name of either of these worthy young women to visualise a female doctor trying bravely to combine efficiency with love—coping with a difficult husband in between snipping out an appendix and curing little Molly's mastoid.

In *Women Are Like That*, Miss Francis is in business again, and I dare say a good many people will share my regret that they, too, can't win success in a week or two—begin at the top and work down. The story is one of those things that the three million readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, mostly salesmen, it would seem, adore. New York's best advertising expert (Pat O'Brien) is slipping a bit. He falls down on a deal, and his wife, unknown to him, steps in. She wears down a business-man's sales resistance by removing a hair from his eye, always a good introduction, and comes back with the contract in her pocket. Is her husband happy? He is not. He throws a temperament, says she is trading on her sex (which is true, but tactless), goes round the world on tramp-steamers to Get Away From It All, and for six months never draws a sober breath.

Obviously, this is the régime an advertising-agent needs. No sooner is he back in New York than he joins up with the opposition firm and takes order after order from his wife's firm, mostly by methods which he describes, in a modest understatement, as unethical. They include (*a*) bribing a member of his wife's firm, (*b*) representing his wife's cocktail-parties as orgies, and (*c*) taking along a client's wife just as he is sitting beside Miss Francis on her bed and preparing to sign on the dotted line. Having bought out his wife's business and proved he is the better man, he decides he is in love with her again, and the lady is so captivated by all this commercial skulduddery that she falls into his arms as the judge pronounces the decree.

If, after this, you still want to see *Women Are Like That*, don't say nobody warned you. It is only fair to add that the dialogue is bright and, here and there, genuinely witty, and that two or three of the supporting players, notably Thurston Hall and Melville Cooper, are very good indeed.

THE title, *Woman Against Woman*, practically tells the story. For years a selfish, scheming wife (Mary Astor) manages to lead her lawyer husband (Herbert Marshall) around by the nose. His old nurse opens his eyes, and he walks out of the house for good. But not out of her life. She sees to that. When he marries a nice, sweet girl (Virginia Bruce), she insists on dramatising the situation and arranges so many embarrassing encounters that the small-town gossips are perpetually agog. Even his mother is represented as being completely taken in by her, contrary, I think, to all the laws of nature. In the end she overplays her hand and the second wife is able to reveal her for the ruthless exhibitionist she is. Both Miss Astor and Miss Bruce act uncommonly well, and Mr. Marshall gives his best performance for some years, contriving to suggest emotion without that biting-on-the-bullet tautness which he (like most other English leading men) tends to overdo.

Woman Against Woman has at least one sovereign merit. It is short, running only sixty-one minutes. This leaves room for a second feature, in this case a new Laurel and Hardy. *Swiss Miss* is not one of their more inspired efforts, but it is pleasant to see two of the screen's most reliable pantomimists still expertly putting-over the familiar gags and still gaining the expected laugh.

This time they are travelling in a snappy line in mousetraps. Where would they be most likely to find customers? Obviously, so Laurel acutely reasons, where there is a lot of cheese. And where is there a lot of cheese? In Switzerland. All rather naïve and slightly dated, perhaps, but I expect a good many people will share my simple joy at seeing the salesmen demonstrate their mousetrap to a Swiss cheese-maker, first boring holes all over the floor to let the mice in.

"HOW 's the show going?" a friend asked an actor engaged for a new play that a certain notoriously unreliable manager was always in process of producing. "Splendid," said the actor. "He 's just revived the rehearsals." If the present shortage of new films continues, they 'll soon be reviving the revivals. This week brings four more—*The Sheik*, *The Son of the Sheik*, Ernst Lubitsch's *The Love Parade*, and *I Cover the Waterfront*.

The last two, both talkies, are neither good enough, by present standards, to be exciting, nor bad enough to be funny. *The Sheik* and *The Son of the Sheik*, on the other hand, are colossal. Fifteen years ago *The Sheik* reduced a hundred million women, of all shapes and colours, to a condition of swooning ecstasy, and made Valentino the greatest romantic star the world has ever seen.

To-day, the situations, the acting, the dressing all range from the naïvely egregious to the wildly comic; and if any of the Bright Young feel inclined to be contemptuous about the film standards of that day, middle-age hasn't a single shot to fire back. Except this—that it is safe to assume that in 1953 audiences will be laughing just as derisively at old films of Garbo, Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer and Dick Powell, not to mention newsreel glimpses of that quaintly dated figure, the girl of 1938.

Laurel and Hardy in a Swiss Cheese Store

Laurel and Hardy's newest, called "Swiss Miss," was fully needed to support "Woman Against Woman" at the Empire. Naïve and funny in the extreme, it shows them touring a fantastic Switzerland trying to sell mousetraps to cheese-makers: here they are giving the mice their cue for entry

Banky and Valentino in a Desert Camp

This is a scene from "The Son of the Sheik" and shows Vilma Banky, who has quite disappeared from Hollywood, and the late Rudolph Valentino in one of their emotional free-for-alls at the Leicester Square. At the Carlton is another classic Valentino revival, "The Sheik"

Cannons of Hollywood

Beatrice Lillie

One day she will be a legend, and round her name will wreathe a thousand sighs of "Ah, but you should have seen Bea Lillie; your So-and-so to her is a crow to a humming-bird." And the sentimental old bores (ourselves) who say so will be right for once: she is unique. No one else could speed the arrows of so rich a humour with so delicate and economical a feathering of wit and art, of vitality and charm. She stayed in America and away from the London stage so long she nearly became a legend in her lifetime, but those four years or so were forgiven her the moment she stepped into *Happy Returns*. The Cochran show has been a big success at the Adelphi since mid-May. Meantime, Miss Lillie brightened the London season by some cabaret appearances not far from Piccadilly Circus. And now that holidays are here, Lady Peel has her son, the eighteen-year-old Sir Robert Peel, to attend to

Young Women Who Work (No. 4)

Miss Bethell : Model

Diana Bethell started work as a mannequin, but now has a job posing for advertisement photographs. She is the only child of Capt. Adrian Bethell, of Rise Park and Whatton Abbey, by his first marriage to the beautiful Clarissa Tennant now Mrs. Beck. Diana, who has some of her mother's looks, is twenty-two this year

Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy : Saleswoman

Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, 1936 debutante, has a job in a dress-shop. She is co-heiress with her sister, Lady Jane Nelson, to the Earldom and Barony of Arlington. They both adore racing and are Saturday regulars. Their brother, the ninth Duke of Grafton, was killed motor-racing

Miss Royds : Student

Minna-Mary Royds, most amusing of Coronation debutantes, is studying political economy at the Monkey Club, learning A.R.P., and was the life and soul of four dances a week during the season. Her father was the late Admiral Sir Charles Royds

Miss Younger : Art Student

Diana Younger, another good-looking Coronation debutante, is studying six hours a day at the St. John's Wood School of Art, having started in Florence. She has designed the end papers for stepfather Dennis Wheatley's thrillers since she was a child

Miss Woosnam : Novelist

Denise Maxwell Woosnam who, with sister Penelope, consitutes Cheshire's prettiest sister act, has been writing since she was a small child and is now working feverishly on her first full-length novel; has almost finished it. Is determined to be a successful woman novelist—and why not?

Miss Gibbons : Saleswoman

Ursula Gibbons, presented in Coronation Year by her godmother, Mrs. Humphrey Butler, is Lady Orr-Lewis' daughter by her first marriage. After her first season she wanted to work, and became receptionist to a very exclusive fashion-house, from whence she moved on to a more responsible job, also in the "rag" trade

Miss Sullivan : Mannequin

Mollie Sullivan, orchidaceous daughter of Mr. W. P. Sullivan, is a mannequin for a Grosvenor Street firm. Her portrait by Geoffrey Watson was in this year's Academy. She has done a lot of hard work at Denham as an extra, and had one or two tiny parts

Bank Holiday—Unstaggered

Barnstorming

The Otherwise Club Combine Camping and Acting at Shere, in Surrey

Meals out of doors *are part of the holiday atmosphere in which the company lives. This tea-party on trestles took place after a matinée performance of Racine's "Britannicus" with some of the company still in their costumes and one of them ready to go and play tennis*

Morning washing *is as alfresco as the meals. Estelle Murison sticks her pyjama-ed shoulders out from beneath her tent's canvas and her face into a basin of cold water*

The Barn Theatre, where the Otherwise Club runs its summer season, is set in the loveliest of Surrey country at Shere. The company lives under canvas in a field next the farm, pays fifteen shillings a head for food, and does its own "housework." Also all the scenery building and painting, and the dress-making for the productions. Eight performances a week are given in alternate weeks from July to early September

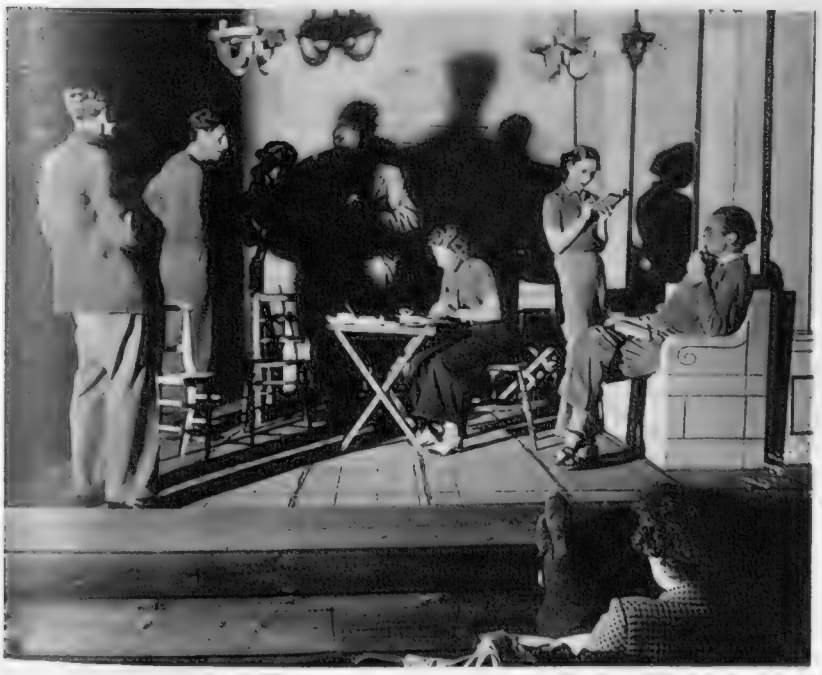
Housewifely *is Alec Rugg-Gunn (son of a London eye-specialist), as he empties his hot-water bottle*

The theatre *is this wonderful old barn, which Mr. Reginald Bray, squire of Shere, fitted with stage and seating and lets to the Otherwise Club. The stage is well equipped, the auditorium seats over a hundred. Last year, audiences averaged over a thousand a week*

Dazzled *by the morning sun, this member of the company shaves with his spectacles on*

Racine *gave these "Britannicus" Romans their words. Nero is Eric Wilkes, a Cambridge undergraduate who has had success with the A.D.C.; Narcissus is Meric Dobson, classical scholar of King's College, Cambridge; Agrippina is Estelle Murison (see also left above, and right); Burrhus is Alec Rugg-Gunn (see left). Britannicus himself, not in this picture, was Robin Benn, who is studying modern languages at Exeter College, Oxford. The Otherwise Club, started in 1932 by a group of Cambridge undergraduates, now includes professionals, students, and amateurs of acting*

Photographs by Hutten



Tchehov *set them a stiff problem in producing and rehearsing. "The Wood Demon" (rewritten later by Tchehov as "Uncle Vanya") was the second play of the Barn Theatre season*

Agrippina *in "Britannicus" went into a field to learn her part, and addressed an unoffending horse as Nero. Estelle Murison is a rising young actress from the Bristol Dramatic School*

A rehearsal *of "Britannicus" has an audience of one—the producer. Interruptions have been made this year by a neighbouring bull, whose enthusiastic bellows are liable to punctuate the big speeches*

Sir Henry Wood Conducts

"More Power"

"Big Accents"

"Come on, tenors"

"Dulce expressivo"

"A good crescendo"

The attack

"A delicate staccato"

"Lift the phrase and make a comma"

It is fifty years since Sir Henry Wood made his first public appearance as a conductor. In the autumn a Jubilee Concert at the Albert Hall will celebrate this stage in his wonderful career of music-making. In the meantime, he opened two nights ago his forty-fourth season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. These action pictures will be the more interesting to his "Prom" fans since the description of every gesture was written by the great conductor himself on the back of the photograph and initialled "H. J. W." This is typical. He is almost as famous in the musical world for the meticulous care and attention to detail which he brings to every task as he is for his immense repertory, his method, his tremendously powerful voice, and, above all, his technique. Bernard Shore, the B.B.C. first viola, in a vivid character-sketch of Sir Henry in his book *The Orchestra Speaks*, recently published by Longmans, Green, writes: "His baton is without an equal. It affords a flawless example of a conductor's technique. . . . 'That stick' is as capable of a finished piece of work as the bow in the hands of an expert violinist. It always moves to a given point, and is never at any time vague or indeterminate. It is fool-proof as far as the orchestra is concerned." Of the instrument with which this wonderful control is achieved, Shore says: "Wood's batons are precious. They are always painted white and repainted. They are fitted with a long, tapering cork handle, and balanced like a bow." And he tells of one of Sir Henry's favourite sayings — "Why don't you look at my stick? It's clear enough! Every morning I practise my baton for half an hour in front of the glass!"

"A delicate pianissi-nissi-nissimo"

"A level piano"

A dramatic climax

A big accent

The final chord and pause

Photographs by Baron

Anthony

Debutantes from Dorset—

The Hon. Pamela Digby

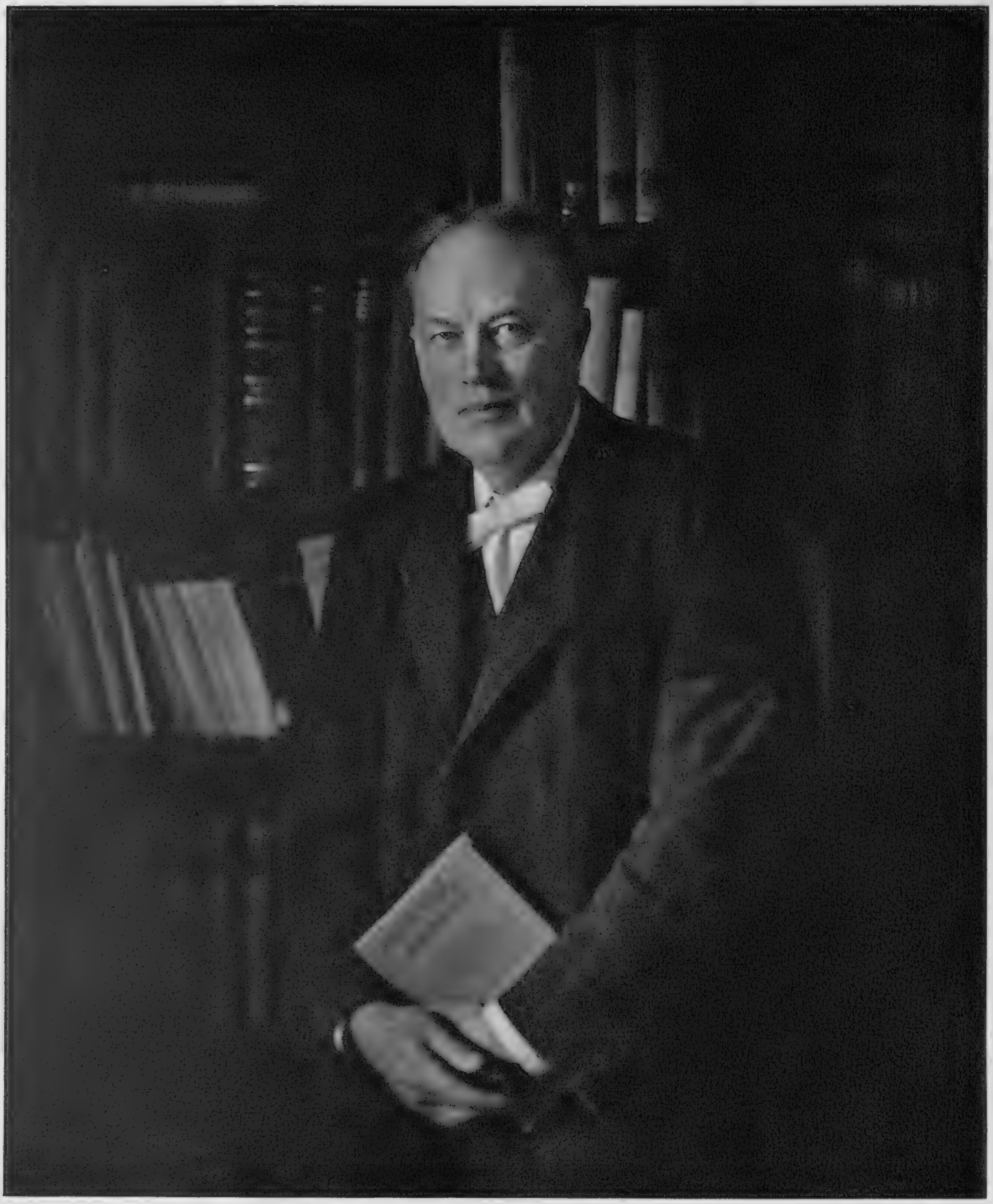
Pamela Digby is the copper-haired daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, whose home is Minterne, in Dorset. She ended her first season with the misfortune of getting measles, a disease which laid several debutantes low this year. She is the eldest of a family of four; her brother Edward is just fourteen, and the elder of her two sisters is seventeen this year—a year younger than herself—and will be coming out in 1939. Both sisters have been at school in Paris, and Pamela Digby has also done a domestic science course. Her chief interest is horses; she rides well herself and goes racing a lot

Cannons of Hollywood

—And from Northampton

The Lady Anne Spencer

Anne Spencer is the only daughter of Earl and Countess Spencer, and is another of this year's eighteen-year-olds. She was presented by her mother in May and was in London for all the season. She also has one brother, Edward (Viscount Althorp), aged fourteen. Lord Spencer is a big landowner in Northamptonshire, his home there being Althorp, one of the finest places in the county. Lady Spencer and her sister, Lady Katherine Seymour are both members of the Queen's Household, Lady Spencer as a Lady of the Bedchamber. She went with the Queen to Paris last month



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University

Alexander Dunlop Lindsay has not confined his favours to the university of which he is now Vice-Chancellor. He went up to University College as a graduate of Glasgow, he became Shaw Fellow of Edinburgh, lectured in philosophy at Victoria University and, although he was made a Fellow of Balliol and Classical Tutor in 1906, and Jowett Lecturer in Philosophy in 1911, he twice again withdrew from the dreaming spires, once from 1914-19, when he won a C.B.E. and was mentioned in despatches, once from 1922-24, when he professed moral philosophy at his old university at Glasgow, which has made him an LL.D. honoris causa. However, Oxford has claimed Lindsay for itself with a college mastership and the Vice-Chancellorship: he cycles round the town in true local style, wears his white tie crooked, works in a room in the Masters' lodgings whose ceiling, windows and door are the only surfaces free of books. He will be sixty next year

"Bystander" Short Story No. 150

Fables of Forgetfulness

By Milward Kennedy

No. 3. Superstition

Illustrated by Holland

"HONEYMOON couple?" I asked. "Which? Those?" my new acquaintance counter-questioned; an agreeable fellow-inmate of my seaside hotel with whom I had got into talk overnight. "What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know. They seem very devoted. And I noticed a certain diffidence when they arrived and signed the register. And they seem to avoid other people. Including yourself—though I gather they know you."

Handley smiled.

"Yes, they know me. Or he does—Grindlay is his name. Not that I know him well; but I know about him. An interesting case from my point of view. A case of complete change of characteristics."

I looked my question.

"He used to be the victim of superstition; and he used to be devoted to his wife, and to consider deceit of any sort the most unpardonable offence."

"I don't know about the superstition," said I, "but surely to goodness he isn't just pretending to be devoted—just look at them."

Indeed, the couple were dancing together as though they were alone in the world.

"Shall I tell you?" asked Handley.

I ordered drinks.

"Grindlay was full of superstitions—ladders and black cats and thirteens, and all the rest. But his principal belief——"

"Not too loud," I said for the couple were passing quite close to us.

"It's all right. He's a bit deaf. I ought to have mentioned that before," said Handley.

"Grindlay's principal belief," he continued, "was that if and when an old grandfather clock of his stopped, he would die. Quite a common superstition, I believe; and supported, of course, by stories of the death of his father and his grandfather——"

"I've heard of such stories," I said

"No doubt. Very foolish, of course. But very hard on the fellow's wife."

"His wife?"

"Yes," said Handley. "You see, Grindlay continued to make it *her* business to keep the clock going. He'd know, he used to say, when she'd ceased to love him; she wouldn't wind the clock. And as she was a forgetful sort of person, and he was forever looking at the wretched clock and talking about it, the business got on her nerves. She even thought seriously about smashing the clock or selling it or something, but eventually she had a brighter idea. Grindlay went away for a couple of months, on business, and while he was away, and without saying a word to him, she had the clock turned into an electric clock. Cost a lot, but in her opinion, it was worth it. I told you Grindlay was a bit deaf, didn't I? That's what made it possible; he wasn't likely to notice that, though the hands continued to revolve, the clock had given up ticking. It had given up striking long before.

"Anyway, he never noticed; and all was well—his wife could forget to wind up the clock without expecting to be accused of unfaithfulness. You see, Grindlay had the strictest idea of faithfulness; the smallest deceit would be the end of his love of his wife, he often told her.

"Yes, a jolly life for her; but he was none the less a devoted husband, and did his best to give her everything she wanted."

"And his wife's innocent deceit seemed to have buttressed both his happiness and hers. Seemed—but just wait a minute."

Handley and I refreshed ourselves.

"ALL went well," Handley resumed, "until a day when both Grindlay and his wife were going away, but not together. He had a business trip to make, and she—he preferred it so—was going to stay with her own family while he was away. She had left in the early morning, taking the car; he had to catch a train at, let's say, three. All he had to do was to walk to the station; his luggage had all been conveyed there in readiness.

"Well, he had lunch, and then he sat down to smoke a cigarette or so. He looked at the famous clock; a quarter to two. He thought of his wife and smiled; he closed his eyes—he dozed, and woke with a start. But it was all right, he saw. Five minutes past two, by the famous clock. Another cigarette——

"And suddenly Grindlay became aware that, though his cigarette was nearly finished, the clock still declared the time to be five minutes past two.

"Imagine his feelings. He went and put his ear as close to the clock-face as he could get it; he could hear nothing. Not a doubt of it; the clock had stopped. His wife had not wound it up; a further thought flashed into his mind—that she had not gone to her mother at all. Suppose he rang up and asked——

"He looked at his watch. Good God! Seven minutes to three! He would not catch his train, and it was most important that he should. Even if he ran—

"He dashed out into the street; not a taxi in sight—needless to say. Wait: there was a car, driven by a girl.

"He waved frantically, so frantically, that she drew up.

"'Desperate hurry—catch a train—d'you mind——?' he gabbled at her.

"She was the right sort of girl.

"'Hop in,' she said."

"YES, but I don't see——" I began, as Handley paused.

"Wait a minute," he requested. "The first thing to note is that Grindlay missed his train."

"Yes," I insisted, "but the clock stopped—and he's still alive. And I thought you said it was an electric clock."

"Quite so. The company had cut off the juice for a few minutes, for some sort of switch-over or adjustment. And, as you say, Grindlay's still alive; and that's what killed his superstition—if he *had* caught the train, he'd probably be dead. It smashed itself to bits half an hour after he ought to have been in it. Yes, that killed his superstition."

"But his wife had deceived him, messing about with his family clock, turning it into a soulless electric affair. How could he forgive her for that? And if she thought nothing of deceiving him—well, you see?"

Handley waved his hand towards the couple dancing cheek-to-cheek in a manner that is obviously affectionate anywhere outside America. He finished his drink.

"Yes, but," I protested once more, "the evidence surely is that he has forgiven her. That they're still the world's most devoted couple. Just look at them."

Handley stared at me.

"Oh, I thought you understood," he said, "why Grindlay was slightly embarrassed when he saw me, why there was that hesitation over the ceremony of registering. That's not Mrs. Grindlay—that's the girl who gave him the lift."

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Forgotten Explorer

By V. S. Pritchett

To Englishmen, Timbuctoo means first of all Mungo Park, who failed to get there and died on the Niger; and Laing, who was actually the first European to reach the city, but who was murdered on his way back, leaving no record. The name of the effective discoverer of Timbuctoo, a Frenchman, who arrived there a little later than Laing, after an appalling journey from French Guinea, disguised as a Moslem, and who succeeded in getting across the Sahara, through to Tangier, is almost unknown to the English public. For years, even when his journal was published in England in 1830, the patriotic suspected him of being a fraud—there had been two major Timbuctoo frauds, by Americans—and what with this and the tediousness of his writing, René Caillié has been forgotten. His astonishing story has now been most intelligently reconstructed by M. Gabriel Welch in *The Unveiling of Timbuctoo* (Gollancz; 16*s*.).

Everything to do with René Caillié is extraordinary. Because of this extraordinariness, the usually concealed and chiefly unconscious motives which lead men to dangerous exploration are thrown into relief. It is a popular illusion that explorers are god-like supermen, free of the fears and the neurosis of lesser people. The truth is exactly the opposite. They are almost always exceptionally neurotic. The attractions of self-torture and the necessity of escaping from intolerable inner shames and conflicts provide, in case after case, the obscure spring of their action. Without excessive emphasis, Mr. Welch's life of Caillié bears this out.

In Caillié, a peasant from the Deux Sèvres, the desire to escape sprang from the family shame which wrecked his childhood. His father was condemned to the chain-gang and his mother died of grief when the boy was eleven. Humbled, driven in on himself, the boy conceived the idea of achieving an isolation (which is, of course, fame as well) like Robinson Crusoe's. From his youth he determined upon Timbuctoo, and until his twenty-seventh year his whole life was directed hourly to this end. Turned down by French and English officials, he saved money out of his wages as an indigo gardener in Sierra Leone, and set out, disguised and alone. His whole outfit did not weigh a hundred pounds and consisted of a little medicine, 300 francs tied round his waist, half in gold and half in silver, articles like mirrors, beads, etc., to pay his way among the natives, two pocket compasses, which he had to use secretly, and an umbrella. Seventeen months later, five months of which were spent in a native hut, when he was at death's door with scurvy, and after trudging barefoot three thousand miles through jungle and the desert, his extraordinary peasant patience, cunning and wit, his wonderful powers as an actor, his capacity, almost his appetite for physical and mental suffering were rewarded.

The period of Caillié's five months' illness recalls those terrible pages where Mungo Park describes to what depths of humiliation he had to abase himself when he was the prisoner of the Sultan. Caillié lied, acted and endured in a similar way. It was a continuous strain, for he knew his life depended on it. An unbeliever would be detected by such trivial matters as having a corn on the foot, showing he had once worn shoes, or by a stopped tooth in the back of his head. Yet acting a part probably saved Caillié mentally as well as physically. Laing had been murdered because he would not make the Moslem affirmation. They strangled him with his turban. Park, as an open Christian, had no protection in subterfuge. If he had, he might have been less terrified, and, in consequence, less violent to the natives who never forgave him but visited their hatred on his white successors.

***Madame Prunier** has published a book on fish cookery, and after many intermediaries the recipes of the famous restaurant have reached the public. Michel Bouzy, Prunier's chef de cuisine, wrote the book on the inspiration of the late Emile Prunier, Ambrose Heath translated it and edited it, Mathurin Meheut has illustrated it, Violet Lady Melchett, the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Angus McDonnell have graciously sponsored it, Nicholson and Watson have published it*

The author of *The Woman Who Could Not Die* (Chatto; 8*s*. 6*d*.) is a Russian woman of aristocratic family, who, after the revolution, seems to have accepted Communism. Her husband had important work in Georgia. In 1933 the purges started, and accusations of sabotage and terrorism. Madame de Beausobre and her husband were arrested, and then hell began. She spent nine months in the inner prison of the G.P.U., three of them in solitary confinement. Naturally, she had no idea of the charge against her, and, though she was examined over and over again, she was not tried. Eventually, since the examiners could get nothing out of her, she was sentenced to five years in a penal camp. All through this time she was seriously ill—she received pretty good attention and not a little kindness from her gaolers—and eventually, on account of her bad health, she was released. Her husband had completely disappeared. Despite its passages of theatrical writing, the book throws an interesting and poignant light on the kind of atmosphere in which the famous sabotage trials have grown up. One of the women who shared her cell, for example, the fussy wife of a professor, had imported some woollen clothes and tins of food for her children, through a friend, in order to avoid customs duty. Smuggling, therefore, would have been a credible charge, but the poor woman found herself in "the Inner" on a charge of espionage!

There is a special vein of German humour which cultivates the comedies of simple-mindedness. *My War with the United States*, by Ludwig Bernelmans (Gollancz; 9*s*.), belongs to this genre. It is the diary of an immigrant soldier in the U.S. Army. The flatness of the style has an odd mixture of tedium and charm. The reader should first test himself on the window-cleaning paragraph in the chapter entitled: "The Army is like a Mother."

"Long Haul," by A. I. Bezzerides (Cape; 5*s*.), is a little documentary hard-luck story about the sufferings of long-distance lorry-drivers in California rather solemnly on the note of "Don't go down the Mine, Daddy." But the dialogue is good.

I ought to have given more space to Bernard Newman's *Danger Spots of Europe* (Hale; 12*s*. 6*d*.), a really valuable popular book about the Sarajevos of our powder magazine. Mr. Newman has avoided sensationalism and is extremely informative. His chapter on the Czechs is very timely, and on Europe in general he has constructive proposals which are so sensible that he can hardly expect anyone to look at them. He is a Back-to-the-Fourteen-Points-ite. There may be a revival in Wilson yet.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

he holiday spirit is always ery strong during the nonth of August, and hile most of us have ot, so far given any erious thought to our utumn wardrobe, designers have been busy or many months planning what women shall wear for the "fall." In order to stimulate business during what is generally regarded as a "dead" month, Jay's, Regent Street, are offering new autumn models at very special prices. A becoming ensemble from the ready-to-wear department, on the second floor, is shown on the right. It is made of speckled tweed and consists of a plain cardigan suit accompanied by a three-quarter length top-coat with a bold white check. During August only, this suit will be sold for six and a half guineas, instead of eight and a half guineas, which is the normal price. It is available in all the newest colours, including raspberry-pink, lichen-green, and tobacco-brown. Another ensemble, consisting of a dress and full-length coat in "shingle" wool, is reduced from ten and a half guineas to eight and a half guineas. It is cut on simple lines and is made in several becoming shades, such as dull reseda, and a new rust

Setting Your Cap

Variety and a complete lack of restraint are some of the most noticeable characteristics of the new season's hats. They all have movement, and the general impression is that every designer has let his imagination run absolutely wild. Harrods, Knightsbridge, are showing their advance collection, which is so enchanting that any woman might be forgiven the wildest burst of extravagance. Three of their newest models are illustrated on this page

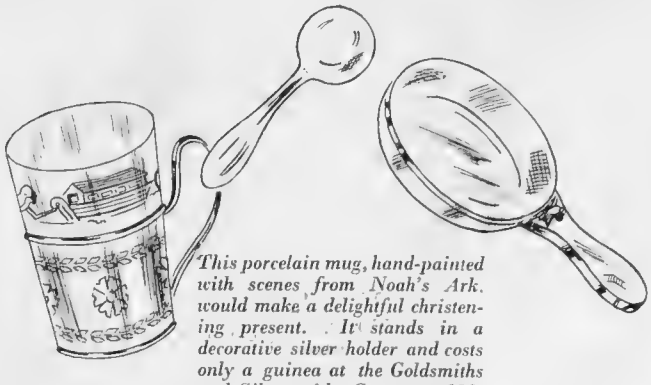
Velvet in black and a contrasting colour is used for the hat on the left, which is skilfully draped so that it sweeps forwards as well as upwards. Two ears of velvet give an impression of height. This year's version of the high hat is infinitely more becoming than last year's, as crowns, instead of being top-heavy, have a narrow, waisted appearance. They also fit the head, instead of perching, and frequently it is the trimming only which gives the necessary height

Tall postillion hats smothered in veiling have an old-world charm, which is in keeping with the new swept-up coiffure. Some are made of felt, others in shiny black panne. In striking contrast to these are the small dolls' hats which perch lightly on the hair. Harrods have them in black velvet trimmed with ostrich plumes, or coloured felt with bunches of hand-made flowers. The beret below has a debonair sweep. It is made in black felt, with a folded crown and felt bow

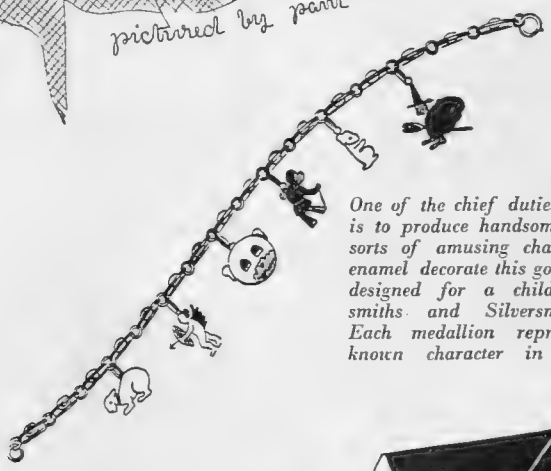
The hats on this page show how totally different this year's beret is from anything we have had before. This change is particularly marked in the black velvet model above, which sits at an unusually rakish angle, and is trimmed with three shades of ostrich feathers. These plumes are used extensively for decorative purposes, but, since they impart a rather exotic air to any hat, they are often replaced by strands of velvet cut to look like feathers. Garnet red and "bois de rose" are two new colours which Harrods are showing with black, while forest green looks lovely mingled with touches of purple heather

Dover Street Studios

the bystander twins in search of novelties



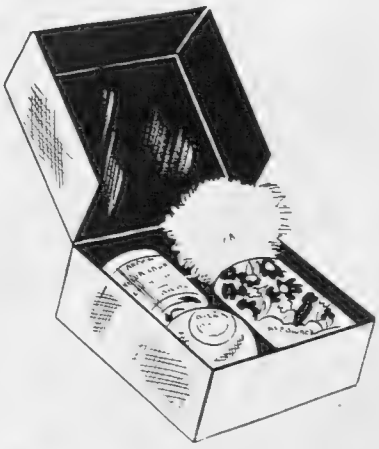
This porcelain mug, hand-painted with scenes from Noah's Ark, would make a delightful christening present. It stands in a decorative silver holder and costs only a guinea at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, who also have the porridge-bowl on the right. This is in real silver, and costs 57s. 6d. complete with spoon



One of the chief duties of a godparent is to produce handsome presents. All sorts of amusing charms in coloured enamel decorate this gold chain bracelet designed for a child by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. Each medallion represents a well-known character in nursery fiction

The baby who is still not too sure of his legs can get a great deal of exercise and amusement on this sturdy rocking-horse, without lifting his feet from the ground. It is strongly made of beechwood, costs 25s., and is designed by Paul and Marjorie Abbatt, 94, Wimpole Street

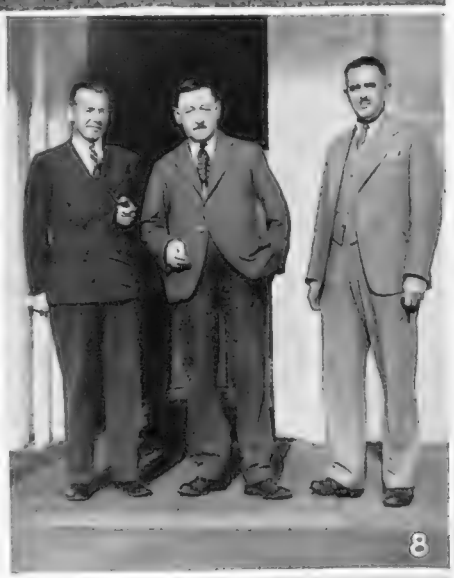
Next time you have to choose a present for baby, send this attractive beauty box from Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street. It costs 16s. 6d., and contains Venetian Dusting Powder, a swansdown puff, and a specially light blend of Velva cream for protecting the delicate texture of a baby's skin. Choose a pink box for a girl and a blue one for a boy



Your children will grow all the stronger if you encourage them to wear very little clothing during the summer months. For the seaside, Rowe's, 106, New Bond Street, are showing this tartan swim-suit in fine wool for 6s. 6d., or alternatively the bloomers on the right for 15s. 6d. These are ideal for sunbathing, and look very gay in fancy cotton strewn with red sailing-boats

This picture tray, which comes to life, as it were, possesses all the fascination of a jigsaw puzzle without being nearly so difficult. It costs 5s. 11d., and is one of the many toys which Paul and Marjorie Abbatt have evolved with the idea of encouraging children to play on their own. Their illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis, is well worth writing for

(1) G. Romanes (director). (2) James Cairns (director). (3) H. R. Sturrock (hon. sec., Scottish G.U.). (4) W. Wallace. (5) G. T. Chiene (green committee). (6) C. Finlayson (steward) and J. M. Sunter (professional). (7) T. C. Gilbert, L. G. Brown, J. Y. Erskine, F. J. B. Machie (director). (8) C. D. Watson (director), C. Hay (captain), Capt. C. E. Thurston (secretary). (9) G. W. Mackie and W. A. Whitelaw. (10) K. F. Gibb and J. S. Graham



Golf Clubs at Home

Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh

The Bruntsfield Links Golfing Society was founded in 1761, with a course on the Edinburgh links from which it takes its name. One hundred and thirty years later the Society moved out on to the banks of the Forth, where it possesses a pleasant site in wooded country, overlooking the Firth. The membership of 650 includes many prominent members of the Scottish Bench and Bar

Right: A view of the club-house

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Fine Performance

Irish Open Champion by One Stroke

Bobby Locke, the twenty-year-old South African player, became Irish open champion at Portmarnock by beating Cotton by one stroke, and received his prize from the local captain's wife, Mrs. Richard F. Browne. Our golf correspondent discusses Locke's play here

It was indeed a very fine performance on the part of A. D. Locke to win what is known as the Open Championship of Ireland only a few months after he had become a professional golfer.

Locke is known to his friends as Bobby; he was called Bobby after Bobby Jones, because as a boy he showed great promise at the game of golf and was never tired of practising and playing. It is strange how many golfers are known by names which are not their proper names; examples which immediately come to mind are Eustace Storey, the leading amateur in the Open Championship this year, whose name is Edward and not Eustace, and Con Selway, who is never called in golfing circles by his proper name, but by the name of an aquatic animal which he is supposed by some to resemble.

Locke was leading amateur in the Open Championship at Carnoustie last year and also in 1936, and leading amateur in the Open Championship of Ireland in 1936.

The event known as the Open Championship of Ireland would not be known as an open championship in any other country, because it is not one. Only professional golfers and assistants in Great Britain and Ireland, who are members of the Professional Golfers' Association or the Irish Professional Golfers' Association, are allowed to play in it. To become a member of the Professional Golfers' Association, a man (or, I suppose, a woman) must have been a paid player for a certain number of years. Locke was rather lucky, as he got in under a rule which stipulates that overseas entrants are eligible.

Locke, who is only in his twenty-first year, had had numerous successes in important golfing events before he turned professional. In 1935 he won both the Amateur and the Open Championships of South Africa, and repeated this performance in 1937. He has, however, not met with success in the Amateur Championship; in 1936 he found, on the Old Course at St. Andrews, that Morton Dykes was too long for him on a course on which, in my opinion, long hitting pays more than on any other course in the world. The two long holes, the fifth and the fourteenth, were deciding factors in this match and turned it in favour of Dykes. At both these two holes Locke did not reach the green with two of his best shots and lost them both to fours by Dykes, who was long enough to get up to the green in two.

In the Amateur Championship at Sandwich last year, Locke's putting, which is usually one of the strongest points of his game, let him down. Like many other golfers, he is happier when competing in medal play events than when playing in match play championships.

It was only a few weeks ago that I expressed the view that it is extremely difficult for those who have made names for themselves in amateur golf to do well shortly after turning professional, and I mentioned that T. D. Armour is the only one of them who has won the Open Championship, yet Locke has won an open event within a few months of becoming a paid player. He played decidedly well in the Open Championship at Sandwich this year, and would have been leading amateur for the third consecutive year if he had not become a professional.

Locke's play at Portmarnock was most interesting. He started with an eighty, and I am sure that then everyone thought that this was too heavy a millstone for anyone to carry. I cannot remember when last a winner of an open championship returned a round of eighty, and it certainly has not been done for a great many years. That he did not allow this bad round to disconcert him shows that he has the right temperament for the big occasion.

Locke made up with a vengeance for his bad start by a terrific finish, in which, under the greatest strain, he played the last four holes magnificently. The last four holes at Portmarnock measure 188 yards, 517 yards, 467 yards, and 472 yards—what golf architects call a strong finish. Locke finished 2, 4, 4, 4, a finish which is better than strong, and one shot too strong for Henry Cotton, who at one time held a commanding lead.

Locke got his four at the last hole for a final round of 69 by holing a putt of about 2½ yards, after he had failed to reach the green in two, and by so doing won a special prize of £200, presented by Dublin sportsmen to those who returned scores better than seventy.

Locke was the sole player to do a score better than seventy, and thus won the whole £200, a prize which exceeded in value the first prize in the Championship.

If you supply my learned friend Henry Longhurst with a piece of paper and a pencil, I am sure that he will be pleased to inform you how much per foot his final putt was worth to Locke.

***Locke,** having collected the Irish open title, joined with his compatriot Syd Brews to send a challenge to Henry Cotton and the British open champion Reg Whitcombe*

***Whitcombe** and Cotton accepted and a four-ball match was played faultlessly and unhurryingly at Walton Heath. (Names in heavy type are of the players pictured)*

***Brews** and Locke were two up on Cotton and Whitcombe after 36 holes but on the second day the Englishmen wore them down to win two and one*

Social Register

General Sir Hubert Gough's Granddaughter Is Christened

Major and Mrs. Eric Dutton's daughter was christened Alice Anne by the Dean of Westminster in the Henry VII. Chapel of Westminster Abbey. The Duchess of Gloucester was a godmother; the other godparents were Miss Audrey Gough, Lady Delamere, Col. H. C. Howard and Mr. Pope. Sir Hubert Gough, the baby's grandfather, is second from the left in the group above

William John Purbrick, His Parents and Godparents

Right: Derek Gordon Hughes, Royal Engineers, and Honora Mary Stamer were married from her home at Cam, in Gloucestershire. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Lovelace and Lady Stamer, of Ashmead House, Cam. He is the son of the Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Hughes, of Upton St. Leonard's Rectory, Gloucester

Mr. Derek Hughes and Miss Honora Stamer

Susan Frances Remnant

Lord and Lady Remnant's daughter was christened Susan Frances at Chelsea Old Church. She is their second child. Their son James is nearly eight

Right: Capt. Ralph Younger, 7th Hussars, eldest son of the late William Younger, of Ravenswood, Melrose, and Greta Mary Turnbull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Turnbull, of Clifton Manbank, Yeovil, Somerset, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Capt. Ralph Younger and Miss Greta Turnbull

Major Jack Hirsch

Mr. and Mrs. John Purbrick have called their son William John. In the group on the left, after the christening at St. Marylebone, are Mr. John Purbrick, Lady Hélène Berry, godmother, Lady Kent, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, grandmother, Mrs. John Purbrick, Mr. W. H. Kingsmill, uncle and godfather, and Lady Carisbrooke, godmother

Right: William Sommerville and Mary Salome Whiskard, only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, British High Commissioner in Australia, and Lady Whiskard, were married at St. Barnabas's, Kensington. Mr. Sommerville is the son of William Sommerville, of Dalquise, Alyth Road, Bournemouth

Mr. Sommerville and Miss Mary Whiskard

Mr. Maxwell-Hyslop and Miss Clay

Below: Major John Henry Hirsch, late 13th/18th Hussars, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Hirsch, and Joan Miller, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller, of 42, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, and Victoria, Australia, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Mr. Benn and Miss Gweneth Butler

Arthur John Horton Benn and Gweneth Leigh Butler, the well-known skater, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Butler, of 42, Walton Street, S.W.3, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hamilton Benn, of Pythingdean, Pulborough, Sussex

Mr. Paton and Miss Dorothy Greer

James Ian Paton and Dorothy Jane Greer were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand. He is the son of the late J. H. Paton and Mrs. Paton, of Lethangie, Kinross. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Greer, of Boveedy, Whitecraigs, Renfrewshire, and a niece of Lord Justice Greer

and Miss Joan Miller

Aymer Robert Maxwell-Hyslop is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. Maxwell-Hyslop, of 22, Kensington Mansions. Rachel Clay is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Clay, of 11, Tite Street, S.W.3. They were married at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

Now that the turmoil and the shouting of the Leeds Test Match are over, we can perhaps view that strange affair in some sort of reasonable perspective.

To begin with, it was a grand game, intensely interesting from first ball to last, and for this we may thank the wicket, which consistently helped the bowlers.

The wicket, in fact, turned the usual stalemate into real cricket. Instead of runs being two-a-penny, as they were on the Nottingham shirt-front, for example, they were mighty hard to come by and only Bradman and Hammond mastered the conditions.

This was as it should be. The dead, doped modern wicket levels out the finer gradations of skill in batsmen and bowlers alike. A youngster playing in his first Test Match on one of these monstrosities, is as likely to get a hundred as a great player of Hammond's calibre, but when the wicket is turning, experience, temperament and the higher arts of batsmanship are suitably rewarded.

Thirty-five wickets fell at Leeds for 695 runs, which is an average of approximately 20 runs apiece, and when that happens, cricket is reduced to sane proportions.

The Headingley wicket was produced, it is true, by special circumstances, heavy rain in the preceding week among them, and the Australians, when they inspected it on Thursday, considered that it had only been half-prepared.

The results, at all events, were excellent, and I have never known anything in any branch of sport more desperately exciting than the last day of that remarkable match.

Cricket creates a sustained and cumulative excitement peculiar to itself. The time factor enters in, and although at Rugby football or boxing, for example, the tension approaches its climax more swiftly, in cricket we have leisure to watch the thrust developing. So we can savour the protracted intensity of a duel between batsman and bowler; and that Monday afternoon at Leeds, with a black thunderstorm approaching, and Australia fighting in the gathering gloom against the threat of rain, not daring to appeal against the light, was almost intolerably thrilling.

I WILL admit that I trembled so violently in the broadcasting box, through sheer nervous excitement, that my chair ignominiously collapsed under me, and for the first time, the sound of chattering teeth was diffused to anxious listeners.

I never saw a great crowd so completely silent and absorbed and motionless, or felt so vividly the impact of mass emotion.

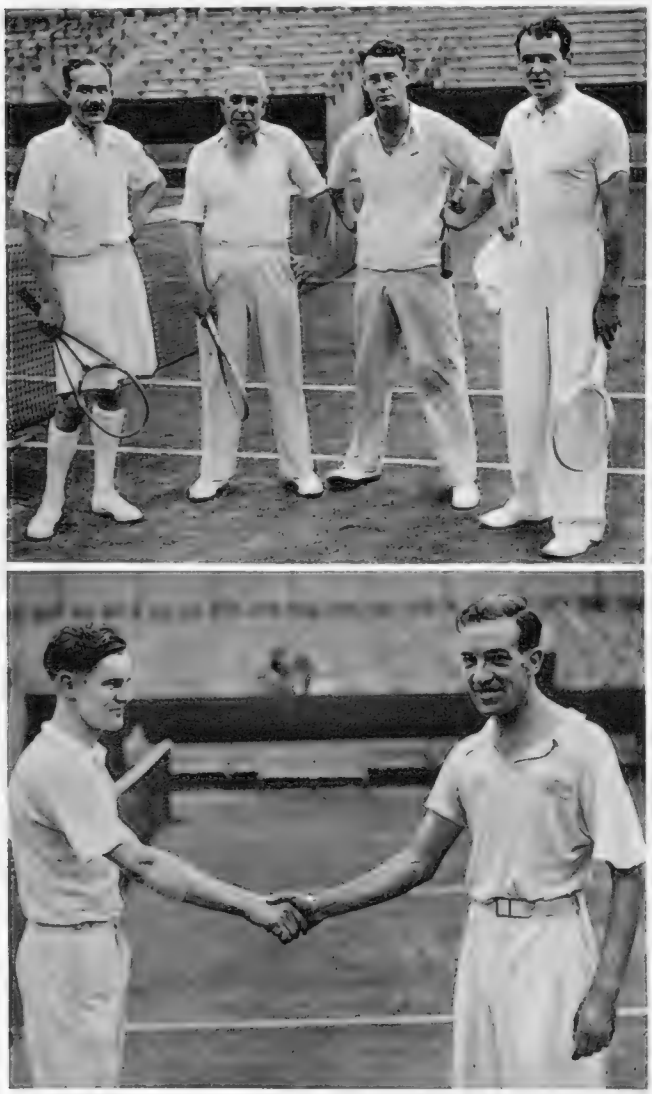
All Test Matches should produce this drama, and most of them would if wickets gave the bowlers a chance.

As for the result, which was quite a secondary matter, after such superb fighting cricket, Australia thoroughly deserved their fine and gallant victory. The bowling of O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith, the great innings of Bradman, in a shocking light, and finally, the courageous batting of young Hassett, when England still had a faint hope of winning—these were the main factors in a well-earned triumph.

THERE has since been the inevitable cry, I notice, for the heads of the England Selectors. They should have done this, that and the other thing, wail the critics, after the event. It was folly to take the field with so long a tail, and so on, and so on.

Polo at Cowdray Park

At Cowdray Park, where the polo tournament opened last week, were Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Hon. "Bill" Astor and Capt. and Mrs. Prior-Palmer. The first two played together for Cowdray "A" and Mountbatten and Prior-Palmer were opponents in the Adsdean-Four Winds match, the latter's side, Four Winds, winning by 8½—6



Royal Air Force Lawn Tennis

The finals of the R.A.F. lawn tennis championships were held at the All-England Club, with the results that Wing Comdr. C. Williamson-Jones and Air Commodore R. E. Saul became runners-up to Flt. Lt. H. D. Nicholson and Flt. Lt. J. L. H. Fletcher in the doubles (top) and Flt. Lt. R. G. Shaw became runner-up to Pilot-Officer E. Holden in the singles (below)

The Usk Valley Casting Club's Annual Tournament at Glanusk

Where anglers meet there also is Lord Glanusk, and each year he is host to his own local casting club. Here he is with Gaffer W. B. Powlett (Gaffers are committee members of the club)

The Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones is a Pink of the Usk Valley club; that is, a lady member. She is the late Lord Buckland's second daughter; her husband is in the Life Guards

Miss Georgina and Lady Zia Wernher

Capt. Sir Harold Wernher's ex-deb daughter and wife were supporters of Someries House at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, for he and his son Alexander were both playing in that team. They were, however, beaten by the Panthers in the first round of the Junior Cup by 5—4½

Lord and Lady Cowdray, Mr. Lakin

The host and hostess of the Cowdray Park tournament were photographed there with John Lakin, who was playing back for Redjackets. Lord Cowdray, of course, played for Cowdray "A," who beat Redjackets in the third round of the Junior Cup by 3—1

The controversy will never die down altogether, though I cannot see that the Selectors were at fault. They acted in the belief that bowlers rather than batsmen win matches. Unfortunately, it was the Australians who proved their point for them.

O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith were consistently excellent. Bowes, Verity, and Wright were not, though Farnes was unvaryingly hostile. In Australia's first innings, the England bowling was superb. In the second innings, when it should have risen to still greater heights, it faltered.

That is the whole story, and England, even so, came near enough to winning to justify the Selectors' choice. I can see no reason whatever for panic changes, and it would cause me no disquiet if the same England team were picked for the Oval affair. And what an anti-climax the Oval match threatens to be!

NOW, in the season of sea-serpents and giant gooseberries, to other affrays, and boxing in particular. The astonishing Jack Doyle is back in the limelight with a fight against Eddie Phillips, at Harringay, on September 13th. Whether they will make new contracts, and stage the contest as a fight for the British title, now that Tommy Farr has resigned his claim, remains to be seen.

If they do allow it to go the championship distance, Doyle will be extremely fortunate, but the opposition is slender indeed.

THE boxing story that appeals to me just now, though, concerns Arthur Danahar, the Bethnal Green fighter. Danahar, astonished at the material rewards of boxing, has ambitions outside the ring. He is being coached by a private tutor, plans to spend three years educating himself, and then intends to take up a Parliamentary career. If boxing and education both prosper, as they probably will, he is determined to strive for the betterment of working-class lads. Danahar is modestly confident about his ambitions, and it is good to find a professional boxer turning his skill to such worth-while ends.

I HEAR, incidentally, that although the British Rugby team in South Africa, has lost a few matches, and suffered some most disconcerting injuries, the tour is proving a great success from the good relations point of view. The players are immensely popular, and the cause of Rugby football is being admirably served. And that, I submit, is far more important than winning any number of Test Matches.

Mrs. Brownlow

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow has her photograph taken every year at the Lymington Yacht Club's regatta and no wonder, for she is its Commodore and the only woman to hold such a post in the kingdom

Park, Crickhowell, Breconshire

Judges at Glanusk Park—one of Lord Glanusk's four Breconshire residences—were Miss Betty Llewellyn, Sir David and Lady Llewellyn's M.F.H. daughter, and Col. A. I. Macdougall, of the War Office

The Middlesex Women's Lawn Tennis Team

The Middlesex team on the left won the inter-county grass court championship at Eastbourne by beating the holders, Surrey, 5—4. The win was all the more creditable as Middlesex played their team as it had stood for the week, whereas Surrey imported four fresh internationals for the final. The winners were Miss Rita Jarvis, Miss Nina Brown, Miss Jean Nicoll, Miss Susan Noel, Mrs. Roy McKelvie (capt.) and Miss Pat O'Connell

A Golfers' Outing at Le Touquet: the Clive Burn Week-end Includes Men and Women

Mr. Teddy Wagg played and beat a Frenchman, M. Wattine, in the Clive Burn tournament. Halfway round they stopped and talked to Mme. Wattine who sat in a deck chair by the ninth. The Wattines have a Le Touquet villa

Another Le Touquet villa-owner is Mr. Guy Brian, and he also has four pretty daughters; this one is called Huguette. They, too, made a halt by the convenient deck-chair at the ninth hole

Lady Rosamund Gibb was competing for Mrs. Clive Burn's cup, feminine equivalent of the Clive Burn cup

Anywhere But London: a Sun and Sea Survey

Prelude to Cowes—Yachtsmen in All Corners of the Solent

Major Herbert Musker, Dermot Musker, and Mrs. Musker were waiting on Ryde Pier for the day's work to begin. Major Musker's 8-metre yacht, Cedora, won the race for its class on the second day of the R.T.Y.C. regatta

Among the swarms of yachts anchored in Cowes Roads this week, S.Y. Angela was an early arrival ten days ago. Its owner, Capt. and Mrs. Alwyn Foster, who live in Sussex, found the little town still peaceful and uncrowded when they came ashore

In another shore party mary Barnett and the married Yvonne Barnett father, Lord Gort, is a

Miss Eileen Watson in a sky-blue satin swim-suit, graced the Le Touquet pool. She and her mother, Mrs. Stewart Johnson, called at Le Touquet on their way to Cannes

Children's Season at Frinton

The most fashionable children's beach in England is Frinton where, all August, packs of very young socialites paddle and bathe in the North Sea. These three are Clive, Edwina and Caroline Barford, grand-children of Lord Ashfield. And with them are their father, Mr. Edward Barford, and another Frinton regular, Lady Waleran

Mr. George Mair and Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans are these two, fitting themselves into a dinghy —preparing to sail in the Lymington Y.C. regatta

Standing in front of the Monte Carlo Beach umbrella below are Mme. Polovtsoff and the Hon. Richard Greville, Lord Warwick's brother

Water-Ski-ing at Monte Carlo—a Couple of Boatloads

In the top boat are Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth, smiling with glee at the idea of their water-ski-ing excursion. The speed-boats and their expert drivers are kept busy all day

In the bottom boat are Prince Rainier and Princess Antoinette of Monaco, fifteen-year-old son and eighteen-year-old daughter of the Hereditary Princess of Monaco. Princess Antoinette was over in London this summer

at Cowes were Miss Rose-Hon. Standish Vereker, who a few months ago. His member of the R.Y.S.

The Week's Good Cause

By Eleanor E. Helme

HALF the world, we know, takes a delight in saying, "I told you so" after a failure. The other half takes equal delight in confounding the gloomy ones' remark by scoring a success against all odds. That is what the other half, in this case the Scottish Women's Hospitals Memorial Association, working for the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic in Islington, has done with the Wakefield Trophy. Pessimists said that a competition in which players could take out as many cards as they liked, at one shilling a card, thus qualifying for district finals, and thence to a grand finale, was foredoomed to failure, however admirable the cause, however magnificent the trophy. Mr. Bernard Darwin, sounded an encouraging note at the very outset, reminding the Committee that woman's "morbid passion for medal rounds" would carry it through: Lady Holt Wilson, Mrs. de l'Hôpital, and a committee of golfers refused to be discouraged; the competition began last April, and finished last week, with the Clinic the richer by one hundred and twenty pounds, Miss Mary Barr, of Newton Green, the prouder for her trophy, and a score or so of golfers the merrier for a really delightful day at the Berkshire club. And, by no means last or least, one competitor, Mrs. Blower, of Nottingham, who was not present there, is looking forward to a cruise with the Hellenic Cruising Club, which had been given as a subsidiary prize. The committee, of course, are busy already, as good committees should be, laying plans to make next year's competition even bigger and better than this, but those who won at the Berkshire can hardly suggest any improvements.

The day was fine and summery, yet not so hot that golf was a weariness; with the morning round on the Red course and the afternoon on the Blue, all chance of monotony was avoided; a suitable number of players reduced their handicaps; the winning total defeated par; Admiral Sir William Goodenough presented the prizes without making too long a speech; Lady Holt Wilson showed herself absolutely plus at this speaking business, and the competitors at enjoying themselves. An invitation to come again was the one thing needed, and that was supplied by Major Sarel.

I SEEM to have begun at the end instead of the beginning of the day. A very long day it was for Miss Barr, for she started by car from Suffolk at 5.30 a.m.—so much for the belief that nobody plays their best after a long run. She led the field before lunch, sharing her proud position at 77 net with Miss M. Broughton, from Yorkshire, Mrs. Lloyd Lane, from Middlesex, and Miss I. Smale, from Wales. Thus far, and even farther, had competitors travelled; Cumberland to Cornwall was the true as well as alliterative way of describing the matter. Mrs. Lloyd Lane seemed to be going extremely strong in the morning, for to be out in 44 was really remarkable for a 19 handicap, but she faltered at the finish, and again in the afternoon; it was Miss Barr who went from strength to strength, topping her morning net 77 with a net 72 in the afternoon, and Miss Avice Jones, who came up with a rush from 79 morning with a 70 afternoon, to tie for first place.

Miss Barr took the tie, which was decided on the last nine holes of the day, and so had every reason to bless the lovely little chip which she laid dead for a birdie at the very last hole. She played those shots really well, a genuine pitch and run, a shot which too many people neglect, but which is worth its weight in gold, or cups, on hard ground. She began the day with a handicap of 11; being by now reduced into single figures, she will be unable to defend her trophy next year, for the handicap limit is 10 to 30.

Unless, of course, any alteration of pars anywhere should play havoc with her handicap, pushing her up again. It will be a real mercy when all this standard scratch score work is finished, the pars settled, and players know where they are. Mrs. Hodson and Miss Holloway are working like blacks over it, and Miss Mervyn Barton has been lending a useful hand. Mrs. Hodson seems to look on her as a grand missionary to the affiliated clubs in India, which is some consolation to those who will miss her so much when she becomes Mrs. Pilch and resident out there.

THE Curtis Cup team, in consequence of Miss Mervyn Barton's wedding, goes to America without Miss Pam Barton, and Mrs. Garon is an absentee under doctor's orders. That is heavy news, but Miss Phyllis Wade and Miss Nan Baird are trustworthy golfers, and the Walker Cup result has broken up the American complex for everybody. These two are well capable of doing themselves justice with Mrs. Holm, Miss Corlett, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Clarrie Tiernan and Mrs. J. B. Walker, under the captaincy of Mrs. Wallace Williamson. There is no reason at all why we should not win.

Miss Mervyn Barton and Mr. Pilch

Mervyn Barton announced her engagement in July to Reginald S. Pilch, of Calcutta, and they will be married early in September. Pam Barton has given up her place in the Curtis Cup team, which goes to America on the 19th, to be bridesmaid to her sister. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. C. J. Barton, of 118, Castelnau, S.W.13

Wakefield Trophy Finalists

In front are Miss Mary Barr, who won the Trophy, and Miss Avice Jones, who tied with her at 149 (the last nine holes deciding the winner). Other finalists included in the group are Miss Smale, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Bateson, Miss Wills, Mrs. Hext Rogers, Miss Enderby, Miss Hope Hewett. The tournament was in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic in Islington

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

SPELL PLEASURE EVERYWHERE

The radio sahibs might "gong" you, but millions of smokers will know you're right in spelling 'pleasure' P.L.A.Y.E.R.S.—And remember there are two spellings—both correct—MEDIUM or MILD.

N.CC.441

A Nation of Airmen

By Charles Ward

An unfamiliar sight to the landsman. The catapult installed on the aerodrome at Leuchars, Fife, is used for training personnel who will be launched by this method from cruisers. The pilot is seen mounting to the cockpit of the "Osprey"

NOT until after the European War did it occur to a few men of vision that flying could become the cheapest form of transport and that eventually everyone would fly. Whilst the demand for aircraft remained so limited, the ground facilities inadequate, instruments unreliable, flying developed as the prerogative of the R.A.F., professional pilots, wealthy sportsmen, and passengers who were prepared to pay for a thrill or speed with discomfort. Those days have passed, but flying is still expensive, both to the passenger and to those who want to aviate by themselves. The prospect of a national emergency, when it would be essential to have thousands of pilots and tens of thousands of people who understood aircraft—how to handle them on the ground, or to effect simple repairs and maintenance—has prompted the Government to make flying cheap for everyone.

QUITE twelve years ago Sir Alan Cobham used in his lectures and propaganda two slogans that have become a commonplace to-day. One was "Make the skyways the Empire's highways," and the other, "Britain a nation of airmen." The scheme outlined by Sir Kingsley Wood is far ahead of expectations. For half a crown a week it will be possible to get an "A" licence in four months, training on the ultra-light types such as an "Aeronca" or a "Praga." The cost of qualifying on a Moth will be £4 5s., or thereabouts. On the cheap aircraft a renewal of a licence will involve no more than thirty shillings a year. So many applications have been received already that the Clubs, through which the scheme will be worked, are in a considerable dilemma as to how to provide the aircraft and instructors. Ultra-light types are in production and a few are on the market, but not in the quantity needed. The plan cannot come into full operation until next spring, though the Air Ministry proposes to commence grants in October. For four years there will be no top limit to the number of people who can become Air Guards, subject to aircraft and instructors being available.

EMPLOYERS of labour are urged to allow those who volunteer to become Air Guards as much latitude for flying as possible. Lunch hours, with an extension for travelling to and from the aerodrome, and half-days during the week, are times when 'planes and instructors will be free. At week-ends the cost of learning to fly is at double the rates charged from Monday till Friday, this distinction being made to encourage those who cannot afford the higher price to make time when the normal work at an aerodrome is at its slackest.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"This won't hurt you"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Lagonda: this sedanca coupé has coachwork commissioned by Green Park Motors, Ltd., with James Young, Ltd., of Bromley. It is built on a twelve-cylinder chassis by W. O. Bentley

ALL British motor-racing enthusiasts will rejoice at Dick Seaman's win in the German Grand Prix. Seaman has long been due for a win in an important Continental event. His brilliant driving, first with Whitney Straight and later as an "independent," so impressed the German talent-spotters that they paid this young Englishman the unique honour of inviting him to become a member of the crack German Mercédès-Benz team.

A couple of nasty crashes early on in his career with Mercs. kept him "out of the money" at first and did little to improve the appearance of his nose, but now a smiling Dame Fortune and a course of plastic surgery have altered all that. And so, twenty-five years old, six feet tall, Richard John Beattie Seaman becomes the first British driver ever to score a win for a Continental team in a Grand Prix race.

The event was held over 312 miles of the twisting, hilly Nurburg Ring, and Seaman's average speed was 80·65 m.p.h. His team-mate, Lang, was second, three minutes behind, and Hans Stuck, in one of the new Auto Unions, finished third.

I WROTE last week about the Germans' anxiety to meet foreign opposition in Grand Prix races. It may not be long before Great Britain takes up the gauntlet, for Raymond Mays recently tried out the new formula E.R.A. at Donington, and it is understood that everyone was delighted with the car's performance. If this car should prove as successful in its class as the 1500-c.c. E.R.A. has done in the 1½-litre category, Britain may well hold up her head, for the smaller car is absolutely supreme throughout the world.

The design of these E.R.A. cars is largely evolved from original work done by the late Murray Jamieson, whose untimely death occurred as a result of injuries caused in the unhappy smash involving a number of Brooklands spectators earlier this year. It is indeed tragic that Jamieson should not have been spared to see his design come to fruition.

IN response to a request from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the London "Safety First" Council has forwarded a report upon the skidding tests of new and smooth tyres given in Shoreditch in co-operation with leading tyre manufacturers in connection with London Safety Week.

"It is a curious fact," says the report, "that the difference between these two extreme tyre conditions is at a maximum on certain types of smooth, wet surfaces. There is less difference on roughened surfaces and on extremely slippery surfaces (e.g., ice). The figures quoted below are for the maximum difference that we have measured, and it is possible that on the Appold Street surface there is slightly less difference, as the surface, when wet, was extremely slippery. The new tyres used were of eleven different makes and the figures quoted below for new tyres represent a fair average of normal first-grade types."

THE following figures denote stopping distance in feet on a wet, smooth surface:

SPEED.	NEW TYRES.	OLD TYRES.
20 m.p.h.	25 feet	40 feet
25 m.p.h.	40 feet	65 feet
30 m.p.h.	60 feet	100 feet
35 m.p.h.	85 feet	140 feet

Those motorists who genuinely wish to lessen the number of accidents and those who have a reasonable care for their own safety should heed these figures and look to their own tyres. But the newness of the tyres is not all. Systematic checking of the inflation of tyres is at least as vital a factor in road safety as any other, for uneven inflation reduces controllability on corners and renders braking on even a dry surface really dangerous.

WHILST on the subject of tyres, the Dunlop Jubilee Race Meeting at Brooklands, to be held on Saturday, September 24th, looks as though it is going to be an excellent show. There are to be nine races, including a very fast 20-miles Outer Circuit event for the Dunlop Jubilee Cup, three three-laps Outer Circuit and three five-laps Road Circuit handicaps, a scratch race over the Road Circuit for cars under 1400 c.c., and a similar one for cars over that capacity. Some really exciting entries from overseas have been promised, and a first-rate meeting seems assured. The Dunlop Jubilee Cup Race, by the way, is confined to cars with a lap speed of 110 m.p.h. or more.

IN these days of rising motoring costs—due to increased petrol tax and the greater cost of certain raw materials—it behoves us motorists who are owner-drivers to keep a wary eye upon our motoring expenses. Many owner-drivers really do log their costs systematically. Only recently the owner of a well-known 10-h.p. car, reviewing his records of expenditure during his first year of motoring, found that these revealed the following interesting figures:

Depreciation	40·1 per cent.
Petrol	18·3 " "
Tax and Insurance	11·2 " "
Garage	10·1 " "
Service	6·9 " "
Repairs	3·9 " "
Loss of Interest on Capital	3·7 " "
Various Expenses	3·5 " "
Oil	2·3 " "

PERHAPS the smallest part of the outlay is the most important of all. This particular motorist was wise enough always to buy only the best oil obtainable, and it cost him only 2·3 per cent. of his year's motoring budget. Anyone who is tempted to purchase so-called "cheap" oil can derive a useful lesson from this. It is false economy to attempt to save money on oil—the smallest item—and run the risk of heavy repair bills or rapid engine-wear.

Wolseley: this 14/56-h.p. salon-de-ville has coachwork built in a special section of the Wolseley factory, passing through twenty-one operations for each coat of cellulose. The model costs £325

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (20th Year)

HOLDER: LALLY VAGLIANO

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 7th, 8th and 9th. No Qualifying Round.

September 5th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 6th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 9th, 1938.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Tuesday, August 23rd, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1937 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 8th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 5th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1938, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at either of these

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

20th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1938.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address.....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)* .....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss*} .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane. Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 3—August 9

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's new play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by the all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Cecil Parker and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

LYSISTRATA.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale head the cast in Aristophanes' anti-war comedy: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine Globe, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

FRIVOLITÉS DE FRANCE.—Naunton Wayne and fifty girls represent the wit and the beauty of this show: Prince of Wales, 2-11.30 non-stop.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little. 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 107.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

VARIETY.—Billy Bennett and Hollywood film-doubles head the bill of this riotous show: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd.
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Drama Festivals

ABBEY THEATRE, DUBLIN.—Plays by J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, T. C. Murray, Lennox Robinson: opens Mon., 8th.

CANTERBURY.—The Old Stagers in Sheridan, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Sherwood: Central Theatre, Canterbury.

Jacqueline Elmore

Aubrey Hammond's niece has the first essential for a successful dancing career—an early start. Born in Paris, she was trained there by Russian and Spanish ballet-masters, and is only sixteen now. She is to appear here this autumn

MALVERN.—New plays by Shaw, Priestley, Bridie, Dunsany, and C. K. Munro form the programme.

STRATFORD.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre. Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER and WIDE OPEN FACES (American).—Tommy Kelly in one, Joe E. Brown in the other: Marble Arch Pavilion.

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE and A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER, (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in one, and Edward G. Robinson in the other: Tivoli.

THE CALL OF THE YUKON (American).—A triangle story with Richard Arlen, Beverley Roberts and Lyle Talbot, set in among the snows and huskies of Alaskan winter: Plaza.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT (American).—George Brent and Olivia de Havilland in this film: Odeon.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier is an electrician taken up by a great actress—Elvire Popesco—and by the public, but dropped back into Josette Day's arms: Berkeley.

JANE STEPS OUT (British).—Diana Churchill, Jean Muir, Fred Emney, Athene Seyler are in this: Regal.

KIDNAPPED (American).—Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter and Arleen Whelan in the Stevenson classic: Gaumont.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michèle Morgan are the players: Curzon.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Farewell Again*: Academy.

THE SHEIK (American).—Rudolph Valentino in this classic of revivals: Carlton.

SHOPWORN ANGEL (American).—Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart in this: Empire.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

THE SON OF THE SHEIK (American).—Rudolph Valentino replays his classic *Sheik* part (q.v.): Leicester Square.

CIRCUS

THE INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15 daily.

BALLET

RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN:

AURORE, CENDRILLON. DANSES POLOVTIENNES.—To-day, 3rd, 2.30.

COTILLON, CENDRILLON, AURORE—To-night, 3rd, 8.45.

CARNAVAL, PRÉSAGES, DANSES POLOVTIENNES.—Thurs., 4th, 8.45.

GODS GO A-BEGGING, CENDRILLON, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.—Fri., 5th, 8.45.

JEUX D'ENFANTS, PETROUCHKA, SCUOLA DI BALLO.—Sat., 6th, 2.30.

CENT BAISERS, FRANCESCA, PROTÉE, PRÉSAGES—Sat., 6th, 8.45.

RUSSIAN BALLET AT DRURY LANE:

SYLPHIDES, ICARE, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—To-day, 3rd, 2.45.

GISELLE (two acts), TRICORNE.—To-night, 3rd, 8.45.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY, DANUBE, EPREUVE D'AMOUR.—Thurs., 4th, 8.45.

EPREUVE D'AMOUR, NOBILISSIMA VISIONE, ICARE, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—Fri., 5th, 8.45.

CARNAVAL, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Sat., 6th, 2.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, TRICORNE, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Sat., 6th, 8.45.

SPORT

INTERNATIONAL T.T. MOTOR RACE.—Donington, to-day, 3rd.

R.Y.C. REGATTA.—Cowes, Isle of Wight, till Sat., 6th.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Grace Elliott Taylor

The young novelist daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Elliott Taylor, of Eatons, Muster Green, Haywards Heath, Sussex, is engaged to Douglas Parsons-Smith, 4th-5th Mahratta L.I., son of Lt.-Col. Parsons-Smith of Shirley, Fleet, Hants.

Stuart Hamilton

Mary Ouin

Is engaged to Lieut. Gyles A. O. Andrews, R.N., of St. Briavels House, St. Briavels, Glos. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Humphry Ouin, of Horley Lodge, Horley, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Ouin

Pearl Freeman

Lorna Catherine Dendy

Is engaged to Thomas Jackson, of Henfold, Lindula, Ceylon, elder son of Admiral Sir Thomas and Lady Jackson, of Waterside, Uplyme, Devon. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Dendy, of Tillicoultry, Lindula, Ceylon

Lenare

Lilias Williams

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Williams, of 17, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. She has announced her engagement to Robert Johnson, son of the late Walter H. Johnson, and Lady Selsdon, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1

Bassano

Molly Magor

Is engaged to Kilner Rupert Brazier-Creagh, second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. K. C. Brazier-Creagh, of Stock Lodge, Ingatestone, Essex. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Magor, of Long Ridings, Hutton, Essex

Lenare

Ivy Leathes

Ivy Margaret de Mussenden Leathes, daughter of Major and Mrs. C. de M. Leathes, of Oatlands, Warborough, Oxford, is engaged to the Rev. George Anthony Wright, of Turners Court, Benson, Oxford, youngest son of A. L. Wright, of Butterley Hall, Derby

Lenare

Wendy Ward-Jackson

Is engaged to Hugh Hodgkinson, son of Col. and Mrs. G. Hodgkinson, of Drybrook Lodge, Cholderton, Wilts. She is the daughter of the late Ralph Ward-Jackson, and Mrs. Beviss Bond, of Langhern House, Martley, Worcester

Lenare

Frances Neill

Is the only daughter of the late Balfour Neill, and Mrs. Norman Bayles, of Dromore, Gullane, East Lothian. She is to marry, in Scotland, Ian Duncan Keith Macrae, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Col. Roderick Macrae, and Mrs. Macrae, of Druidaig, Glensheil, Ross-shire

Bassano

Helen Susannah Cope

Has announced her engagement to Iain William Matheson, F.R.C.S., son of Dr. and Mrs. Matheson, of Rudha Mor, Plockt. She is the second daughter of Mrs. Cope, of Daledene, East Grinstead, Surrey

Tunbridge

Betty Inskip

Is the youngest daughter of the Bishop of Barking and Mrs. Inskip, of 7, Albion Hill, Loughton, Essex, and niece of Sir Thomas Inskip. Her fiancé is Dr. Jur. Ernst Fellner, of Gmunden, Austria, son of the late Herr Karl Fellner

Bertram Park

Barbara Allen

Is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Stanley Allen, of Denne Hill, near Canterbury. She is being married in October, at St. John's Cathedral, Buenos Aires, to L. M. Stallard, eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. Stallard, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon

Lenare

Gaynor Mildred Trevor

Is the younger daughter of Sir Gerald Trevor, Indian Forest Service (ret.) and Lady Trevor, of Trowscoed, Welshpool, Mont. Her fiancé is Alexander Vernon Brooke-Webb, R.A., only son of Capt. and Mrs. E. V. Brooke-Webb, of Freshwater, I.O.W.

Farquharson — Cree

Douglas Ian Farquharson, of Point Fortin, Trinidad, only son of Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. H. D. Farquharson, of Walmer, Kent, married Hermione Clara Cree, of Pinehurst, Pyrford, Surrey, at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cree

Dobson — Hanbury

Myles Young Dobson, R.M., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Y. Dobson, of Yewlands, Hoddesdon, Herts., married Lois Inman Hanbury at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Capel Hanbury, of Westfield, Hoddesdon

Cullen — Donaldson

John Desmond Cullen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cullen, of Cross Keys, Sevenoaks, and Alice Isabelle Donaldson, daughter of the late Thomas Donaldson and Mrs. Robin Fife, of Trigoni, Largs, Ayrshire, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Elphinstone — Hope Yevonde

Derek Eldred Montague Elphinstone, only son of the late Major Montague Elphinstone, R.F.C., married Daphne Josephine Hope at Prestbury Parish Church. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hope, of Upton Hall, Macclesfield, Cheshire

Summers — Swan

Grenville Barrington Summers, eldest son of Mr. George F. Summers, and Mrs. Catherin Idris Jones, of 8, Gloucester Gate, N.W.1, married Edith Anne Swan at Chorleywood Church, Herts. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swan, of Corone House, Chorleywood

Drysdale — Blyth

Hereward Theodore Hewitt Drysdale, elder son of the late Dr. Theodore Drysdale and Mrs. Drysdale, of 59, Princes Court, Knightsbridge, and Pamela Lilian Blyth, only daughter of Capt. Douglas Blyth, of Lanikai, Honolulu, and Mrs. W. M. Miller, of 9, Trevor Place, Knightsbridge, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Propert — Gow

At St. Augustine's, Lillie Road, Fulham, Dr. Sydney Augustine Propert, only son of Prebendary P. S. G. and Mrs. Propert, of St. Augustine's, was married by his father to Ethel Margaret Gow, eldest daughter of the late Andrew Gow, R.A., and Mrs. Gow, of 109, Coleherne Court, Old Brompton Road, S.W.5

Mumby — Marsden-Popple

Charles E. Goodman Mumby, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Mumby, of Woodend, Letchworth, and Hazel Winifred Marsden-Popple, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Marsden-Popple, of Danes Hill, Stevenage, were married at St. Nicholas', Stevenage

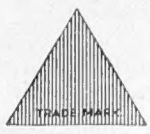
Brown — Harriss Scott Bushe

James Alexander Brown and Sylvia Maud Marie Harriss were married at Marylebone Parish Church. He is the only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. James Brown, of Tellisford House, Clifton Down; she is the elder daughter of the late Capt. R. E. Harriss and Mrs. W. A. Dunn, of Ascot Lodge, Ascot, Berks.

This is the earliest known English silver teapot. Its inscription says that it was presented to the East India Company by Lord Berkeley in 1670. The hall mark is that of London in that year.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

Trade Marks are also marks of quality. Only those products of which the makers are proud are distinguished in this way. The Bass Triangle is number one on the trade mark register just as, of course, Bass itself is number one among all Ales.



Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

"WORLD'S WORST SAILOR"

defies

SEA-SICKNESS

with

AIRSEA

BRAND

ANTIDOTE FOR SEA AIR AND RAIL SICKNESS

The secret revealed! Selected from hundreds of sea-sickness sufferers as the "World's Worst Sailor," a man weighing 27½-stone undertook a most arduous journey to test the qualities of an amazing new sea-sickness treatment. By road, rail and sea to Paris, returning the following day by 'plane—yet no trace of sickness! Doctors in Paris and London enthusiastically confirmed the success of the new treatment—*now revealed as "AIRSEA."* obtainable from all chemists at 4/- and 7/6,

DISTRIBUTED BY THOS. CHRISTY & CO. LTD. 6—12, OLD SWAN LANE, E.C.4

WHERE PAST *and* PRESENT MEET

Take a never-to-be-forgotten holiday in Czechoslovakia. A wealth of new experiences awaits you, old-world towns, picturesque villages, gay peasant costumes and old-new PRAGUE—hub of Europe—city of a thousand attractions. The comfort and excellent cuisine of Czechoslovakia's hotels and the warm welcome of its people will remain long in your memory.

GRAND CIRCULAR TOUR

16 DAYS 25 GNS-

CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT

Arranged in conjunction with Cedok Ltd.

Ask for details from the London and Provincial offices of :—

Frames Tours Ltd., Hickies Tours Ltd., Lunns (Sir Henry Lunn Ltd.), Pickfords Travel Service, Polytechnic Touring Association Ltd., The Wayfarers' Travel Agency Ltd., Workers' Travel Association, Ltd., Dean & Dawson Ltd.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Summer sun and sea breezes can be enjoyed to the full if you take the simple precaution of applying Larola regularly to the face and hands and all exposed parts. Larola tones up the skin tissues to resist the vagaries of our changeable climate and keeps the complexion beautifully soft and smooth, the hands and arms white and immaculate. Larola is unexcelled for its cleansing and cooling qualities—does not clog the pores—and imparts to everyone delightful freshness and a radiant complexion, free from blemish.

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.

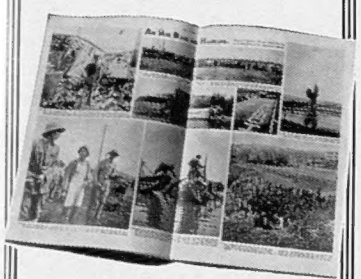
Larola

From Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Write for Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," post free.

Larola Soap : Boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/- ; Single Tablets, 8d.



A Nottingham reader writes:

". . . In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about . . . . . is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

THE

SPHERE

is world renowned for its sound comment on current affairs . . . its illustrations are both entertaining and highly informative

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS EVERY FRIDAY

KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Kempinski. In the evening Castelli and his piano, and Marjorie Dale, the Singing Cigarette Girl, will entertain you.

99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

12,000 MILES AWAY

—IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of The British Sailors' Society—A Home from Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

RENDELLS

FLY

N. E. A.

North Eastern Airways

DAILY

AIR SERVICES

TO

SCOTLAND

AND THE

BELGIAN COAST

Book through your usual agent or CROYDON 5158

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IS NO LONGER MATTER OF AGE . .

REJUVENATES THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

● Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.

Gelty Distributing Co.

156a, Oxford Street, London, W.1

W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from distributors

FINEST MAGAZINE FOR HOLIDAY READING !

LONG, COMPLETE, STORIES:

Old Tales Retold: "The Persecution of Lady Katherine Grey"—
Written and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.*
"A Guest in the House": by *Lesley Storm.*
"Desert Passion": by *Achmed Abdullah.*
"Hermits on the Third Floor":
by *James Francis Dwyer* and *William Hayne.*
"The Bath": by *Liam O'Flaherty.*
"Sacrifice": by *William C. White.*

MANY INTERESTING ARTICLES:

Women behind the International Scene:
by *I. F. Johnson.*
The Woods are Worth It: by *Negley Farson.*
These Refugees Escaped — To Live:
by *Ferdinand Tuohy.*
Weather—With a Vengeance: by *Hessell Tiltman.*
The More Paris Changes: by *George Slocombe.*
Behind the Scenes with a Big Orchestra:
by *C. Whitaker-Wilson.*
Smokers Only: by *Harry J. Greenwall.*
With the Dawn Patrol: Britain's Merchant Service of the Road: by *H. H. Johnston.*
Motoring Section:
Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan.*

A HOME AND FASHION SECTION:

Summer and Autumn Fashions: by *Jean Burnup.*
London in August: by *Olive Randall.*
Health and Beauty: Hot Weather Wisdom:
by *"Chrysis."*
House Party: by *Winifred Loraine.*
Personally Speaking: by *Jean Burnup.*
The Cheapest Way to Furnish: by *Winifred Lewis.*
She is Going to Have a Baby: by *Louisa Kay.*
Better Cooking: by *A. H. Adair.*
Books: by *Alan Seymour.*

On Holiday, at Home, as you travel by train, you'll find pleasure on every page of

BRITANNIA AND EVE

GET IT AT THE BOOKSTALL OR FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSAGENT